TWOPENCE
Vol. LXI.
1598.

BRITAIN'S WAR MEN IN THE EAST (SEE PAGES 22 & 23)

JOHN BULL

WINTER RESISTANCE

There is nothing to equal
'Ovaltine'
for giving
Resistance
to
Wintry Weather

SLEET, rain, biting winds and maybe snow . . .
With the prospect of such severe wintry conditions during the coming months everyone will need their full powers of resistance to maintain health and vitality.

That is why 'Ovaltine' should be the regular daily beverage for every member of the family. Experience proves it unrivalled for building up the strongest resistance against coughs, colds, influenza and other winter ills. Prepared from the best of Nature's protective and restorative foods, 'Ovaltine' provides an unequalled abundance of the nutritive elements required to maintain perfect fitness of body, brain and nerves.

Moreover, 'Ovaltine' is supremely economical—even when you make it entirely with milk. The 1/1d. tin makes as many as 16 cupfuls. And remember that 'Ovaltine' has special properties which make milk much more nourishing and digestible. Remember, too, that there is definitely nothing "just as good" as 'Ovaltine.' Although imitations are made to ***look*** like 'Ovaltine,' there are obvious and extremely important differences.

'Ovaltine' does not contain any Household Sugar. Nor does it contain Chocolate or a large percentage of Cocoa. 'Ovaltine' is ***all*** concentrated, health-giving nourishment of the highest quality. Reject substitutes.

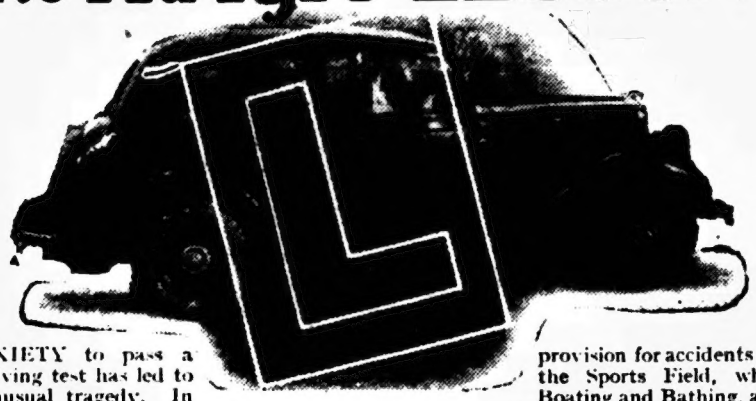
Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland, 1/1, 1/10 and 3/3.

Remember—
'OVALTINE'
is now served at Cafés, Restaurants and Milk Bars

To drink 'Ovaltine' always—
is to be always well

P 315A

The TRAGIC LESSON



ANXIETY to pass a driving test has led to an unusual tragedy. In preparation for his test, Mr. W. Tyson, of 37, Nottingham Road, Long Eaton, Nottingham, used to go into his garage at the bottom of the garden, switch on the engine and practise gear changing. One morning he was longer than usual. His wife went to the garage only to find him dead at the wheel of his car. He had been poisoned by the fumes from the exhaust.

"JOHN BULL'S" PROMPT AID.

As Mr. Tyson was a registered reader of "John Bull" a cheque for £50—the benefit provided for Fatal Home Accidents under "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift—has been promptly sent to his widow.

Other invaluable features of "John Bull's" Insurance Gift include generous provision for accidents on the Sports Field, while Boating and Bathing, and —an especial boon to parents—Children's Accidents.

Moreover "John Bull" is the ONLY paper in the world to safeguard your household effects against damage by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD & TEMPEST, and is also the only paper to pay SICKNESS Benefits.

LAST WEEK ALONE.

Last week alone "John Bull" distributed no less than £948 8s. to registered readers or their dependents as follows:—

Household & Sickness Benefits	£698 8 0
Accident Benefits—Adults ...	£159 0 0
Accident Benefits—Children's	£91 0 0

If you have not yet signed for safety, fill up the Forms below TO-DAY.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 30/1/37

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull," Registration Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....

Reader's Signature. Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if 2d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 30/1/37

Are You Interested in Share-out Clubs?

—then give special attention to the National Savings Club Scheme introduced on page 31. For further particulars, cut out the Coupon or the Advertisement, add your name and address and post at once! If you don't wish to cut out the whole advertisement, write, mentioning "John Bull," for full details of this special scheme.

Be Rid of Your Digestive Trouble

by accepting these Free Offers.

THERE are two special offers of interest to indigestion sufferers. In the Burley Antacid announcement on p. 14 and the Ciefa announcement on the Back Cover, the makers have such confidence in the efficacy of each product that a free trial supply will be sent to any reader. Turn to each offer now and send your application for free samples, at once!

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT PEN OFFER

What a Reader says:

29, Victoria Avenue, Barrow-in-Furness. Nov., 1936.

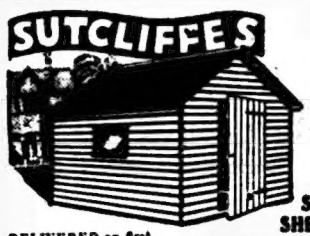
"I thought it might interest you to know I have used one of your pens continuously for 6 years..." The Rev. R. Bache.

Cash the Coupons

"JOHN BULL'S" PEN COUPON

This Coupon with P.O. for **2 9**, plus **3d.** postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with **14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, GUARANTEED 2 YEARS.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/9**, plus 3d. postage and insurance. State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra. Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

SUTCLIFFE'S STORE SHED



from **2/9** MONTHLY

Design S.S.

SMALL STORE SHEDS from 24/-

DELIVERED on first payment. For storing Tools, Garden Implements, Cycles, Frame, etc. Built in 6 strong perfect fitting sections, easily the best value. Sent carriage paid. Roofing Felt supplied Free. (Floor extra.)

Long	Wide	High	Cash	or 12 payments
6ft.	4ft.	6½ft.	£1 10 0	2/0
7ft.	6ft.	6½ft.	2 12 0	5/-
10ft.	7ft.	6½ft.	3 10 0	6 5
12ft.	8ft.	7ft.	4 15 0	8 10

Send for **Free CATALOGUE**, Sheds, Sports Pavilions, Poultry Houses, Kennels, Greenhouses, Garages, Work Shops, Aviaries, etc. All Carriage Paid.

F. & H. Sutcliffe Ltd., 82, Wood Top, Hebden Bridge, Yorks. London Showrooms: 40–42, Oxford St., W.1.

STUPENDOUS FACTORY CLEARANCE EASY-PLAYING ACCORDIONS

The most amazing offer ever made to popularise this fine organ-toned instrument. Full scale of piano keys with 8 syncopating bass notes. Producing clear mellow music as easily as a costly model. Strong bellows, well finished. Highly plated metal parts. Ivory finished piano keys. With leatherette hand and shoulder straps. At a price to advertise our name all over the world. 8/6. Post, etc., 6d. Money back if not satisfied.

8/6 POST 6d

OXFORD STREET STORES (Desk J.Z.1), 7, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

RED TILES made beautiful with Cardinal

Red Tile and Red Composition Floors, Front Steps and Stone and Concrete Paths can be given a beautiful rich, red gloss with 'Cardinal,' the polish that gives a waterproof finish.

Of all Dealers.

Alsoin Buff, Green and White.

Made by makers of Mansion Polish.

CP.83.3

LARGE TINS 6D AND 1/

NERVOUSNESS

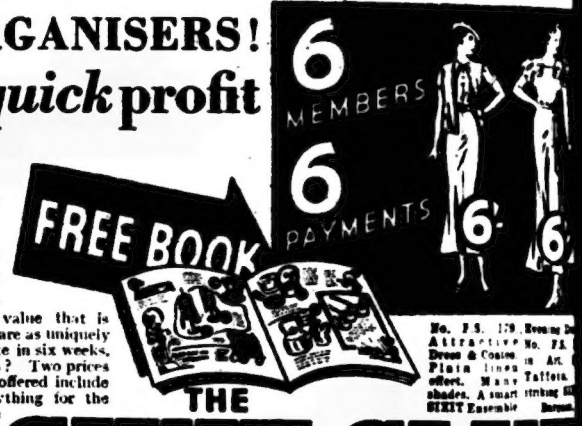
A Remarkably Interesting Book on Nerve Disorders Given Free to all Sufferers

If you suffer from Weak Nerves, Depression, Insomnia, Morbid Fears, Blushing, or any other nerve-weakness, stop wasting money on useless medicines and let me show you how to conquer nervousness before it conquers you. My absolutely interesting book, describing a simple, inexpensive, home-treatment, will be sent in a plain sealed envelope without charge or obligation. Write to-day and you will be delighted to learn how easily you can acquire strong nerves, robust health, and a happy confident personality.

HENRY J. RIVERS (Dept. J.B.3)

40, LAMB'S CONDUIT ST., LONDON, W.C.

ORGANISERS! there's *quick* profit in this new



The new edition of the Sixit Club Catalogue brings you even bigger and better bargains. This famous Club now offers variety and value that is supreme. And the terms are as uniquely attractive as ever—complete in six weeks. Why wait months for turns? Two prices only—3/- and 6/-. Goods offered include everything to wear, everything for the home. All wonderful value for money, all beautiful quality. Big Commission. Send for this new monster book of bargains to-day and start on the Sixit road to quick success! **Write that P.C. for free copy now!**

THE **SIXIT CLUB**

Complete in 6 Weeks

two prices **3/- & 6/-**

GEO. DAY LTD.
(Dept. G.D.21)
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FREE! To: GEO. DAY LTD., 29, Altrincham Street, Manchester.
Please send me a Free copy of your newly revised catalogue.

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(Mr., Mrs., Miss)
ADDRESS.....

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BRAND NEW HARD WEARING 'POLICE' BLUE UNI-MELTONS

Guaranteed to give real hard service without showing signs of wearing out, and to retain their smart appearance. These winter weight Police Blue Uni-Meltons undoubtedly represent the finest value ever offered for all purposes where real wear and warmth is required. Every pair BRAND NEW and cut on full fashionable lines. Roomy side pockets. Strongly lined. Double set back brace buttons. Back seam reinforced and taped to prevent splitting. Offered at the amazing price of only 5/3, post 9d. NO FURTHER PAYMENTS. Send P.O. now, stating waist and inside leg measurements, to

5/3

Oxford Street Stores (Dept. S.T.K.), 7, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

How to Stop Smoking

FREE TREATISE WORTH POUNDS

Thousands of genuine, entirely unsolicited testimonials from grateful men and women who have been quickly freed from the tobacco habit by the help of the Stanley Treatment for Tobacco Habit. What the Stanley Treatment has done for others it can do for you. A grateful man writes: "*Now I have not the slightest inclination for smoking. I consider your Treatment the best investment I have ever made.*" If you wish to be free from the Tobacco Habit, write to-day for the Famous Stanley Treatise. "*Tobacco Bondage and the Way Out*," which has caused so much comment. Send free and without obligation. It will cost you nothing and save you pounds, so write to-day.

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You, too, can erect a Thorns Portable Building in record time. The sections fit accurately and have "Strongees" *steel braced* corners. Roofing felt is included. Delivered on first payment and on Perfect approval. Write NOW for FREE Catalogue No. 46.

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Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash.	Down.	Mthly.	
6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	49/-	9/6	9/11	Floors extra.
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THORNS Portable Buildings 1870

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This Phenomenal Offer is made to "John Bull" readers. On receipt of P.O. 9/-, carriage 1/- extra, we will forward Direct from our looms one of our "Prudential" Brussolette REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN CARPETS. Suitable for Drawing, Dining and Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered in 30 Turkey patterns and fashionable shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues, Browns, Rose and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements, and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. They are made of material

9/- actually wool, and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our looms, saving purchaser all middle profits. Guaranteed genuine bargains. Money refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and unsolicited testimonials with every carpet we absolutely give away a handsome rug to match. SPECIAL OFFER: 2 Carpets, 2 Rugs, and 2 Doormats for 20/-, Carr. Paid. Cash or C.O.D. Illustrated Famous Catalogue of Carpets, Bedding, etc., post free.

E. HODGSON & SONS (J.B.), Woodsley Rd., Leeds.

REDUCED 7/6 PIANO-ACCORDION TONE HARMONICA

NOTE THE UNIQUE AMPLIFYING SOUND CHAMBER

Famous PIANO-ACCORDION effects produced with this SUPER-HARMONICA—twice the tonal quality and volume of ordinary mouth-organ. Its harmonious chords and rich, powerful bass and treble notes like a mighty organ, give endless pleasure, are extraordinarily simple to play—Highly polished spacious tonal chamber board handsome nacreous mother-of-pearl with plated chamber bound handsome nacreous mother-of-pearl with plated fittings. **14 DAYS' SALE PRICE, 1/6, post 3d.**

Wm. PENN LTD.
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THAT'S MY OFFER to all readers of "John Bull." Select your cycle from the latest 1937 Models at lower prices and terms than Agents charge. Approval and Carriage Paid. Write NOW for Free Lists.

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DON'T TROUBLE ABOUT MAKING BABY CLOTHES—IT DOES NOT PAY—LET ME SUPPLY A COMPLETE LAYETTE FOR **30/-**

Modern Short Lengths or usual Long Clothes. 75 Delightful Garments (for Winter or Summer Baby), silk and Wool Shawl, Ends, Robes, Lawn or Wincey Day Gowns, Cloth, Flan, or Wincey Nighties, Best Wool Vests, Back-Flannels, Hand Knit Woollies, Mat, Coats, Trunk Sets, Turk, Napkin Squares, Coveralls,

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MORTISED AND TENONED JOINTS!

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10	7	8	£5/0/0	5/-	9/6
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Every popular make as stocked by most important dealers, 35/- to £85, from 2/6 weekly. Hundreds of S.H. Bargains—12 bass from £2, 48 bass from £6, 120 bass from £7. Importers of Beautiful Instruments unknown to other dealers.

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(The name you all know)

Reliable Agents Wanted. Good Commission.

ROAST AND BAKE WHOLE DINNERS PUDDINGS & CAKES

ANYWHERE, ANYTIME AT NEXT TO NO COST

The merest glimmer on an Oil Stove, Gas Ring, Cooker Top or Electric Hot-plate and in 3 mins. this marvellous oven is ready to cook anything to perfection. Why bother using an ordinary money wasting Oven? Get a genuine Kubex and be delighted. Strongly made of galvanised steel, it holds a 5½lb. joint, potatoes *and* a pudding. Two shelves adjust to seven positions. Send a P.O. 5/9d. to-day. *Money back willingly if not delighted.* (Sent C.O.D. if desired, 4d. extra.)

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The actual size inside type frame of this New Adana is no less than 9¼ x 7¼ in. Send at once for Free Book "Pounds From Print," together with particulars, easy terms and samples of work.

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Φ13

For this small instalment you can have a Riley "HOME" Billiard Table delivered to your door on 7 days' Free Trial, carriage paid. The balance you pay as you play. A REAL Billiard Table—not a toy, but a perfect replica of a full-size table that will ensure endless happy evenings for all the family. Write for Art List which shows sizes and prices of all Riley "Home" Billiard Tables; also Riley "Combine" Billiard and Dining Tables.

FREE Write for Art List

Rileys are the largest makers of full-size billiard tables in Great Britain.

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YOURS for 1P

POSTCARD SEND NO MONEY NOW!

50/- VALUE FOR 22/6

We are so convinced that you will be satisfied with the Trooper Smash-proof wrist-watch that we are prepared to send it to you without any payment whatsoever until you have tried and approved it. A truly handsome model in Chrome case with silvered plain dial and Swiss Lever Movement fully timed and tested for accuracy before dispatch. 10 years' warranty. Just send your name and address on a post-card and receive this splendid watch on approval. If satisfied send 1/6 within 7 days and 1/- weekly until 22/6 is paid in all. Cash price or within 7 days 21/-. Ladies' dainty model same price and terms.

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McCARTHY 1937 6-VALVE ALL-WAVE RADIO

Complete receiver chassis with B.V.A. valves, knobs, leads etc., ready for fitting in your own cabinet (cabinet and speaker if required) for only **£3.10.0**

Model R.F.6A.W. (A.C. Mains)

CASH or C.O.D. (*Delivery from Stock*) or 27/- down and 10 monthly payments of 16/-

Specification: 3 wave - bands—long, medium, short. Illuminated dial with principal station names. Automatic Volume Control. Tone control. Switch for gram. Outstanding performance on home and world stations equals average 8-valve receiver. *Write for full 1937 Range of McCarthy All-Wave Chassis from £2/15/0, including Combined A.C./D.C. Models.*

THE LONDON RADIO SUPPLY CO.,
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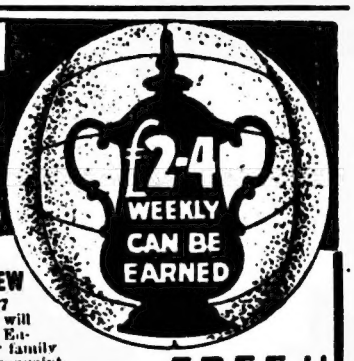
THE CHAMPION MONEY MAKER AND MOST INTERESTING SPARE TIME JOB



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★ *Huge illustrated Catalogue, containing 1,000 gifts.*
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★ *Established firm—Ten years in the business.*
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Become an agent for our NEW 1937 DOUBLE TRADE CARD . . . You will earn more money each week . . . Enjoy the little extras you and your family require . . . Increase your circle of acquaintances. . . . Increased social popularity gives greater happiness. . . . We pay the highest commission in the trade (payable weekly—no waiting), weekly bonus, and agents' efficiency prizes. . . . No risk or outlay. Positively the easiest and most interesting spare-time job. . . . **DON'T DELAY**—Write Now—Commence making a good weekly income in the greatest, fairest and most mutually profitable trading scheme ever devised.

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(I am over 21.) 4d. stamp unsealed envelope. J.B.25, 30/1/37.

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20/- Complete Bale. Carr. Paid. Cash or C.O.D.

Special to "John Bull" readers. **Most Marvellous Value ever offered.** Read the Guaranteed Content:—**2 Heavy Yorkshire White Raised Blankets,** full size 80 x 60. **1 Heavy Coloured Striped Blanket** 84 x 72. **2 Yorks. White Raised Blankets,** soft, warm, durable, 92 x 70. **1 Splendid Albamara or Honeycomb Quilt,** 90 x 70 (White or Coloured). **1 White Damask Tablecloth,** 52 x 52, coloured borders, Gold, Blue & Pink. **1 Beautiful Bedspread,** Blue, Crimson, Olive, etc., on Jaspe grounds. Centre design edged Art. Silk Embroidery, 60 x 80. **1 Fancy Coloured Table Cover,** 36 x 36. **1 Elegant Embossed Electro Cake or Fruit Dish,** size 11½ ins. **1 Ladies' Full Size Overall or Blouse. 2 White Pillow Cases, Coloured Embroidery, Pink, Blue, Gold,** 29 x 19.

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L.	W.	Cash.	Down.	12 Pts
6	5	£5 0 0	4 0	4/8
10	6	£10 0 0	8 5	9/3
15	8	£15 0 0	9 0	15/0

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FROM 4/- DOWN CARR. PD.

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250 MILE FREE LORRY DELIVERY

Write now for free Cat. S.B. (Sheds, etc.), G.H. (Greenhouses)

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FULL SIZE

EASY CHAIR. LOUNGE CHAIR. FULL-LENGTH BED. FIRE-SIDE SEAT **17/6** ON 1/- WEEKLY

PATENT SPRING SEAT, SOLID OAK FRAME, TURNED LEGS, 3 VELVET CORD CUSHIONS, COLOURS TO SUIT EVERYONE. Send for new coloured Catalogue J of wonderful bargains in Upholstered Chairs, Bedroom and Dining Room Suites. *Carriage and Packing, England and Wales 2/6. Cheques, Reg. Letters or Crossed P.O.'s to*—

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50/- SECURES!

65 M.P.H. 110 M.P.G. 6/3 TAX.

NEW 1937 250 c.c. O.H.V. RED PANTHER

£29.17.6 CASH. BALANCE 18 months

COMPLETE Dynamo Lighting.

Highest exchange allowances. 2,000 other new and second-hand bargains in stock, including new 1936 models at £5 to £20 below list prices. List Free.

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GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

To stand on your dining table Overall size: 5ft 2¼in x 2ft 8¼in

5/- Monthly

BILLIARDS IN YOUR HOME

Think of the countless hours you & your family can enjoy playing billiards in your own home with a Graves Home size Billiards Table Outfit. British-made throughout with reinforced extra firm bed, Para rubber cushions, brass pocket plates and cord net pockets, adjustable rubber feet, nicely finished Mahogany spade cushion rails. With 2 Ash Cues, 3 Moulded Billiard Balls, Marking Board, with metal pointers, Chalk, etc., all ready to start a game. No extra charge for Easy Payments. Terms: 5/- Monthly. Carriage Paid 55/-

CATALOGUE of Home Billiard Tables, all sizes Post Free. All on Easy Terms. — **J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.**

I WILL MAKE YOU A BRILLIANT PIANIST

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WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

'Yellow Unions' Menace WORKERS

Miners disabled in the Nottinghamshire pits discussing the Harworth struggle

OVER in those United States a bloody industrial war is raging. The bosses are fighting the men, because the men demand a right which they have claimed since organised labour began—the right to choose their *own* union.

Up in Harworth, Notts, another war is on, though more silent, less spectacular, perhaps.

But the reason for this war in the Notts coalfields is the same as that in the motor-car factories of Detroit. And no man yet knows the outcome.

"What's it got to do with me?" you might say—if you are not a miner. It has a lot to do with you. Even if you are not a member of any union the happenings at Harworth are worth your study.

For a new gambit has arisen in the old game of negotiation between master and man. There was a time when the very word "union" was anathema to a certain type of boss. It was the enemy. He tolerated it only when he was forced to do so. But now he says: "If there are to be unions, I will have my own. I will sponsor it, support it; my men will belong to it and no other. They will belong to it or they shall not work for me."

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"Yellow unions" such arrangements have been called. They began in America among the owners of the Pennsylvania coalfields, spread to Pittsburgh steel firms, and from there to the higher paid workers in the automobile industry. Is there a moral in that for those who believe that the troubles at Harworth over company-sponsored unions, and at Bedwas Collieries a year ago, will remain only the miners' own?

The Harworth trouble really began in 1926. The circumstances of the great "lock-out" in that year were seized upon by the Notts owners to foist an unofficial union upon their men. That union is the so-called "Spencer" union, named after its founder, an ex-M.P., and one time an official of the Notts Miners' Association, the official union to which the men had always belonged.

As soon as work was resumed in 1926 the men were informed that the owners would only recognise the "Spencer" union for negotiation purposes. Membership of this body was, at many pits, made a condition of their employment.

For all these years trouble has been slowly smouldering. A steady campaign was embarked upon to stamp out the official union altogether. There was incident after incident. Mining is peculiarly an industry where petty spite of many kinds can be practised successfully against the individual.

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Last November matters came to a head. There had been a refusal by the Harworth owners to reinstate 20 men. All the miners held a secret ballot as to whether they preferred to be members of the official body (the Notts Miners' Association) or of the "Spencer" union. The ballot resulted in 1,175 for the Association, as against 145 for the "Spencer" union.

But the owners, with the purblind obstinacy which coalowners have always displayed in their dealings with their men, refused to accept the verdict of the ballot.

The situation became acute. Many men were "locked out," others joined them on strike, the number totalling more than 1,000. The course of the struggle has been marked by extraordinary and perturbing features. A strange atmosphere has been built up.

Harworth has been packed with police as though the men were expected to embark on wrecking activities at any moment. Eviction orders against the men have been handed out in scores. (Judge Hildyard, at Worksop, granted 64 in one day recently.) "Spencer" union officials, accompanied by the owners' officials, have been going from house to house making offers to men to return to work.

A few days ago the Harworth owners partly gave in. They announced that men could return to work, whatever union they wished to belong to. But they took the offer away with the other hand by saying that only the "Spencer" union would be recognised in any of the numerous negotiations which arise, like wages and safety. So the Harworth men still stay out.

And while this struggle by the men for the workers' inalienable right—the right to choose their own union—proceeds, news came a few days ago that seven more miners have been blown to death and four seriously injured in a disaster just over the Derbyshire border.

Blood on the coal! And because the blood is always there, because it is the price of the miner's bread, he demands a union that he has proved and can trust to make that price less heavy.

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Is it too much to ask? What, anyhow, is the Harworth owners' point in insisting on their men joining this unofficial union? They deny absolutely that any relationship exists between them and the "Spencer" union, other than that which usually exists between an owner and a union.

But it is worth noting that the Harworth owners are sacrificing profitable orders by their attitude. It is not unreasonable to ask why it is that the owners should be so ready to sacrifice profits and fail to maintain contracts, merely to support a union in which they have no special interest.

No—it won't do. We say at once, without fear or any favour, that Harworth is an example of the most successful attempt so far in this country to emulate American methods in the relationship between Capital and Labour.

The struggle now proceeding is no longer Harworth's own problem, or only of miners' concern. It is a national matter now, and the fight affects every section of organised labour.

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It must *end* at Harworth, forthwith. Labour has already taken action. The Mineworkers' Federation has instructed its executive to take a national ballot. The country faces the grave possibility of a national coal stoppage.

John Bull demands that Parliament take the matter up at once. The principle involved, the fundamental one that all workers are free to choose their own unions to represent them, has been recognised by the State ever since organised labour won its footing in the councils and the life of the nation.

The State must act to maintain that principle.

Straight From The Shoulder

CONFIDENCE TRICKSTERS DRIVEN INTO HIDING

Must Be Cleaned Up Before The Coronation

THOSE racketeers who have menaced many small bookmakers in London with a system of "protection" which is really blackmail on the American method are on the run.

Living in Bloomsbury, the gang known as the "Australians" has practised confidence tricks on a large scale with an efficiency that would have done credit to more worthy ends.

Leader In Jail

The cause of the downfall of the gang, which even indulged in a little pocket-picking on the Underground when things were quiet in the West End, was the prosecution of Hyman Kurasch at Plymouth for the Kruger sovereign trick.

He was the brains of the "con" men, and now that they are without a leader they will lie low until someone comes forward.

£1 000 Bail Mystery

This Australian gang must be cleaned up long before Dominions and Colonial visitors, who are their speciality, arrive in large numbers for the Coronation.

Police are anxious to establish the identity of the man who put up bail of £1,000 in ten £100 notes.

It has not been claimed since Hyman Kurasch's conviction.

The money lies at Plymouth police station.

Trouble In Films

Behind the statement of Mr. Isidore Ostrer, president of the Gaumont-British Film Corporation, that they may give up the production side of the business, lies a story of an unequal battle to gain a deserved foothold in the American market.

The decision seems to be wise, on the face of it, and if approved by the board of directors, will involve a drastic writing-down of assets.

Too Many Liabilities

In the making of films in this country so far, there have been too many liabilities, so that Gaumont-British would be a very profitable concern if it confined its activities only to its great chain of cinemas and theatres in which there is a large revenue—provided a steady supply of the right kind of films can be assured.

Another Crisis Ahead

There are 360 cinemas which have to be supplied throughout the year with good films, one-fifth of which must, by law, be British.

There is already keen competition for these pictures. If Gaumont-British goes out of the production side there will be still fewer films and still greater competition.

Mr. Ostrer has been on good ground so far because he has had his own large output to rely on. If he goes out of production, the industry will be faced with another crisis.

All Want Our Name

Not long ago we drew attention to the serious fraud being carried out on the British public by selling foreign goods stamped "British Made" when only the container had been made in this country.

Now the Lancashire cotton industry is seeking Government protection from the Japanese who send cotton cloth into this country labelled "British Made." It is then re-exported as British Goods to compete with the real Lancashire product.

"No Room" At School

"I have a child aged six years and nine months who at the moment is receiving her education in the street," writes a JOHN BULL reader.

This almost unbelievable state of affairs was brought about by the local schools being "too full." So the mother, who lives at West Kirby, near Birkenhead, was told, and it will be another two years before another school is built. Room must be made.

This Cannot Go On

Other mothers are in a similar position, and are forced to keep their children away from school.

Now, if a child is absent from school, no time is lost in making enquiries. That is because the State grant depends on a certain percentage of attendance. No child should be made to stay away from school because there is "no room."

Meanness In Pensions

Little mean actions stick in the public mind, such as this one concerning a Rutherglen, Glasgow, man whose son died in the Great War.

The father is in receipt of a pension of 6s. 4d. a week. He had to enter the P.A.C. institution for 15 weeks, and has now been informed that he ought not to have drawn the pension during that time.

Father Has To Pay

He has to repay the £4 15s. at the rate of 2s. a week, and has been warned that if he again enters the institution he must surrender his pension book.

We have said it before about recruiting—that when men are asked to give their lives for the State they should be told plainly under what conditions pensions will be paid. That might stop all the petty meanness.

France Wants Gold

Why is France, with £530,000,000 worth of gold in her vaults, seeking a loan of £50,000,000 in gold in London?

In a rational world this would be taken as a sign of madness, but since we live as we do it seems that the devaluation of the franc—that is, going off the gold standard—was not a success in France.

Peasants Won't Give

French peasants—they form the bulk of the race—are cannier with their centimes than the Scots are reputed to be with their bawbees—so that the Government has been trying to raise internal loans in vain.

The Government's borrowing limit of £200,000,000 has been reached at the Bank of France, so now London is being asked to help. She probably will.

loan of £50,000,000 in gold in the London
Gretna Green's marriage anvil is doomed

Gretna Marriage "Romance" Was A Racket

"ROMANCE" of Gretna Green marriages has been shattered by the report of the Scots Law Marriage Committee. If adopted, the report will kill these commercialised weddings and a new and simpler form of civil marriage will be instituted.

The report takes out of Gretna Green all the "romance" which was carefully built up only to provide a few people with fat livings.

East To Fake

Many unscrupulous men took advantage of the ease with which residential qualification could be faked, for it all depended on signing a form declaring that one of the parties had lived in Scotland for 21 days.

When the "marriage" had taken place over the anvil, with carefully nursed publicity, to make it legal it was necessary for the couple to register the ceremony with the sheriff of Dumfries.

Few Registered

Since 1926 more than 2,600 marriages have taken place in the blacksmith's shop of Gretna. Of this number fewer than 500 were registered according to law.

The whole place was a showman's racket. The shop never was a blacksmith's forge. The "Famous blacksmith's anvil over which marriages have always and still are performed"—a quotation from the guide to the Gretna Green Smithy—was purchased for a few shillings at a farm stock sale and installed at Gretna.

Made A Fortune!

Mackie, the man who established this fictitious marriage bureau, died worth a considerable fortune. Money was gained easily, for on an average more than 50,000 people visited the smithy each year and paid an admission fee.

The "blacksmith" Rennison succeeded Mackie. He was employed by Mackie to marry couples and act as caretaker. He never made a horseshoe in his life. He was a saddler and came from the Midlands!

A Journalist, Too!

In addition to his wages from Mackie and his fees for marrying couples, Rennison made money as a "free-lance journalist."

Whenever there was a marriage at his "smithy" he would sell the story to English and Scottish newspapers. If he gave a newspaper an interview he would charge for that, too.

County To Copy

There are many authorities in the land who could take a leaf out of the book of Carmarthenshire when it comes to child welfare.

There the Medical Officer declared that "about 20 per cent. of the school entrants in the county are already damaged lives when first seen by the school doctors."

For the pre-school child he recommended extension of medical treatment at a cost of £250. This was granted immediately.

Coal Prices Ramp

January has brought bigger coal bills to every housewife. As usual the poorest are hardest hit. A shilling a ton, the increase in most places, may not seem much to the lucky ones who can buy a ton at a time.

We know of cases where as much as twopence a hundredweight—3s. 4d. a ton—has been added to ordinary winter prices in the last two or three weeks.

Recall To Religion Has A Rival

THE Church of England is getting nervous about the Archbishop's Recall to Religion. Preparations are being made to start an Evangelistic campaign at Whitsun.

But as this is Coronation time there is great doubt whether much attention will be paid to the calls from Archdeacons and Rural Deans.

The Church is to act in this matter in close co-operation with the Non-conformists, and even with the Salvation Army.

And there is a remote possibility that among the Coronation sights will be the Bench of Bishops, in copes and mitres, marching down Regent Street behind a Salvation Army band.

This is only a few pence less than miners are actually receiving in ex pay—9d. a shift for a week of five shi

Who Keeps It?

By agreement, rise in prices is s posed to be passed on to the min Firms with contracts which were affected have voluntarily paid increa to help miners. £1,700,000 has b paid in this way. Coalowners cl that £4,300,000 in extra wages h actually reached miners.

But unions say emphatically min are not receiving anything like the amount of extra charges consumers paying.

Abolish "First Class"

A railway company keeps wri letters to ten of its passengers com ing an excess fare of tenpence. Th refuse to pay for standing in corridor. An inspector said it was first-class corridor.

Obviously one of those stupid pieces officialdom for which there is no exc On suburban services it is time "fi class" was abolished anyway, as Underground did years ago.

Germany's Arms Drive

Germany's arms drive has been co pleted—in outline. That is, the factor have supplied all the guns and equi ment needed for building up a fa fighting force. But it is still in ma respects below the level of Russia a Italy.

Proof of that is to be found in Sp (which is dealt with elsewhere in Jo BULL), where actual fighting sho German military experts that they h still a long way to go.

Unemployment Rising

Now arms factories and experts spend all their energies improvi adapting and tuning-up. That have a serious effect on unemployme figures.

Recent returns show an increase the total of workless of 280,000, the fi rise since the arms drive was in swing.

Fair Play For Big Fund

Now that the great drive for funds the King George V Memorial has end it may require an Act of Parliament ensure that the money is spent to b advantage.

The intention of the fund is to provi playing fields for children. Landowne can easily exact high prices for desired sites.

The remedy would be a short Act Parliament enabling the prices to fixed by compulsory arbitration.

All that remained of a fighting machine after it was brought down during an air battle in the Spanish war

Spies Great Gala At EUROPE'S WAR Rehearsal

This article has been written by a "John Bull" Investigator who was sent out specially to learn the truth about the types of modern armaments sent into Spain by many of the European Powers.

GRAND rehearsal. That is Spain just now. The Governments of the world have spread through the country of civil war a network of spies whose one duty is to report, both from the side of the rebels and the side of the Government, the real truth about modern armaments.

How true is it that tanks and rapidly mobile troops turn the tables? What damage could serious bombing wreak on a city? How do modern airmen fight? Are the Italian gunners really accurate? Does a civil population panic under bombardment?

These, and a hundred others, are the questions that War Offices and Air Ministries over the globe are asking.

Only a few days ago a dozen British experts left England "privately" and quietly for Spain with instructions that everything that could be of interest to our Government be reported immediately. Almost every country has done the same.

So seriously does the British Air Ministry take it, that even private individuals who have any knowledge of aviation are politely, mildly and very considerately "third degreed" as soon as they return to England from that country of battle.

There is so much to find out. For nearly twenty years the world's armament firms have been perfecting their machinery of death.

Aviation, still comparatively undeveloped in the last war, has been improved so much that even the Air Ministries of the world do not know quite how good their machines—and, more importantly, the machines of other nations—are.

Italy, Germany and Russia have been giving those puzzled experts a grand demonstration. The British Air Ministry, for instance, now has on record fairly precise descriptions from disinterested observers of what tactics are employed by German bombing 'planes, Russian fighting craft and Italian machines of both types.

They know, now, that though the Russian planes are fast, and that Russian pilots are well drilled, their aeroplanes are not rapidly manœuvrable—essential in "dog fighting"—and their pilots appear to lack initiative.

They have learned, too, that even when attacked by a swarm of bullet-spitting defence 'planes, German bombers cannot be driven from their objective; that the intense fire from the bombing planes, which bristle with machine guns, is effective in driving off an attack.

No one was too sure of that before, although experts had suggested the possibility.

The fact that Russia's main defence machines are much slower and much less efficient even than our fighters of two years ago has been learned.

The Russian craft—tiny black monoplanes with incredibly small wing span—have not proved a match for the slower but more handy and manœuvrable Italian Fiat 'planes.

A sample of what the modern aerial bomb can do to a substantial building

I have watched a dozen or more fights in the last few weeks over Madrid, in which the Fiats and the Russian 'planes have been pitted against each other. Despite their extraordinary superiority in speed, the Russians were seldom able to beat down the slower Fiats.

The fighting tactics of the Italians and the Russians were entirely different, too. Whereas the Italians had apparently more skill, and definitely more nerve, the Russians were often content to allow a flight of enemy 'planes to pass them unmolested.

British authorities have been particularly interested in the effect of aeroplanes on troops. With inexperienced men such as the Spanish militia—some of them with less than three days' training—half a dozen light bombing craft can rout a battalion with machine-gun fire and bombs. With trained men and good trenches, though, it would be different.

Then there are tanks. France and Britain are very anxious to know all about tanks, so is Germany. Germany has been in a better position to know about them than either; she has been sending tanks to Spain.

She has learned her first lesson, too.

A depressing lesson it was, for Nazi military authorities have now ordered work in their tank factories to be stopped while metallurgists investigate the armour-plating being used.

Tanks used by the rebels have been completely wrecked by small dynamite bombs, and, although the armour-plating of the tanks was supposed to stop even the high-velocity, anti-tank shells, a number have been wrecked and damaged by machine-gun fire.

Faults are being found, too, in some of the German aircraft that has been supplied.

Government experts want to know, too, just what damage a modern 200-kilo bomb can do when dropped under "active service" conditions.

I saw half of a big block of modern brick-and-steel flats completely demolished by just one of them; another of the same size dropped on the roadway and pierced through to the underground railway beneath.

These are just lessons in destruction. There are lessons in defence to be learned, too. Anti-aircraft guns over Madrid, for instance, were useless.

They were, in fact, a definite danger, for when they were firing at 'planes overhead the falling shrapnel of the shells spattered the whole town, while during a period of three months not one aeroplane over the city was ever destroyed by anti-aircraft fire.

In gun work, too, the Governments of the world have been able to find that the Italian gunners—sent over to Spain in complete trained teams with their own guns—are extraordinarily accurate

When they destroyed the Montana barracks in Madrid, scores of shells were dropped on the barrack area in a radius of less than two hundred yards.

Madrid is just a huge testing ground now for the armaments of three nations. Yet by the information that is being gleaned by international experts, war departments of all countries will be able to sit back and reorganise their methods. What all the supposition in the world could never tell, these experiments in death are proving.

The armament men and the war chiefs look at it coldly and scientifically. The effect of a bombing raid to them is worked out in explosive areas; the fact that in those areas of detonation lie the bodies of a score or more women and children is of minor importance.

And the "spies" who are out there gleaning the information? Their jobs are not the hazardous, at-the-price-of-death jobs that the spies of war time usually are.

They are just ordinary men—and several women—who can move about freely, carrying with them papers of safety from either the Government or the rebel commanders. They have, as it were, real grand-stand seats.

A modicum of danger, especially in Madrid itself, perhaps, but nothing really serious to worry about.

They can watch and examine and criticise the foreign machinery of war without even the danger that would attach if they tried to find out the same things in the home countries of the instruments that are being used.

A British journalist was taken prisoner not far from Madrid, and travelled to the rebel headquarters in an Italian tank which was a few weeks previously one of the Italian War Ministry's closely guarded secrets.

The same thing happened to Captain E. C. Lance, the British Military Attache at the Madrid Embassy!

Russia's fighting 'planes are in the same category. Rather over-vaunted, experts are expecting to see marvels. But, instead, they are seeing quite efficient aircraft which would not worry present-day British equipment.

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And yet—the killing of women and children, besides combatants, goes on each day. Even the war experts and armament salesmen cannot grow hardened to it.

After all, it is difficult to forget that the bomb crater which has been so meticulously measured by the "spy" contains half a dozen bodies or so.

EXCLUSIVE INFORMATIONS—DIRECTED BY SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

GREATEST PUBLIC TRANSPORT SCANDAL

THIS scandal is presented for the immediate attention of Mr. Hore-Belisha, the Minister of Transport.

Intolerable hardship is being inflicted on the public in many areas owing to the official restrictions imposed on the motor coach services of the country.

By order of the Ministry, the number of vehicles allowed in service is totally insufficient to meet the demand, when traffic becomes only slightly more than normal and particularly at holiday times.

An idea of the chaos which results can be obtained from evidence submitted to JOHN BULL by United Automobile Services, Ltd., of Darlington. This company operates more than 800 motor omnibuses in Northumberland, Durham and Yorkshire, and is responsible also for the coaches which ply between Tyneside and London.

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On one occasion hundreds of would-be passengers besieged the Newcastle office of the company demanding to be carried to London. They had to be told it was not possible. So great was the disorder that the police were summoned to deal with the situation. When a telephone appeal was made to the district traffic commissioner for permission to use extra coaches, *one extra vehicle only was allowed*.

A few passengers were thus catered for; the others had to return to their homes. Many lived miles away in the remote villages of Northumberland.

In London, at the coaching station near King's Cross one night, fare money was refunded to 139 people because there was no accommodation available on the vehicles to the North.

There were, actually, coaches in London which could have been put into service to carry the people. But that could not be done because the maximum number of vehicles permitted by the Ministry of Transport was already in use.

As a result, vehicles were sent back to Newcastle empty while passengers were clamouring at the company's London office. When they saw the empty coaches leave, intending passengers were so indignant that they threatened violence to the office staff, and the police had to be called in.

On one day recently more than 1,000 travellers, desiring to book transport by the coaches, were turned away because there were no places for them. Two hundred people waited through the whole of one night at the coach station.

Every one of them could have been carried. The vehicles were actually ready. The Ministry restriction alone prevented their use.

It is a common occurrence for people—anxious to travel to London and other large centres—to be left stranded at picking-up points on the road because the coaches are full, and no relief coaches are permitted.

Appeals to the Minister of Transport for permission to run additional vehicles to cope with the waiting traffic have proved fruitless. The answer always is that there is no real public need for the additional road transport, and that the "backbone railway services" must be protected.

So the public is made to suffer. The railways must be protected. By order of the Ministry, the surplus road passengers are forced to make use of the railways, even although these are already congested and overburdened.

Never has there been a more fantastic or cruel Whitehall ruling.

This year, with the Coronation drawing people to London from all parts of the country, the demands on the road travel services will be multiplied a hundredfold. Unless the Minister of Transport amends his policy, the road transport companies will be unable to cater satisfactorily for great numbers of prospective passengers.

A fleet of coaches at Newcastle, where attention on this transport disgrace was focused

Where Did The Bullet Come From?

MR. DUFF COOPER, the Secretary for War, promises, without being specific, early reform in the conditions of Army service.

Not one word of hope has he to offer to the multitude of men maimed and disabled on active service, who are still required to subsist on hopelessly inadequate pensions and, in many cases, without pension or allowance of any kind.

It seems to be quite beyond the capacity of the War Office chiefs to appreciate that the plight of these shattered men inspires much of the hostility of present-day youth to the recruiting appeals.

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By far the worst case of neglect of a stricken soldier which passes into the thousands in JOHN BULL'S records is that of Charles Meredith, of 64A, Brighton Road, Moseley, Birmingham.

This man, who was a Territorial serving with the Royal Warwickshire Regiment in the Great War, has been many times in and out of hospital and is a bed-ridden invalid in consequence of shrapnel wounds.

But no pension is allowed him. Again and again representations have been made on his behalf to the Ministry of Pensions, but always the answer is refusal.

His condition, the authorities declare—as they have done in countless cases—is not attributable to war service. They have said so from the beginning, when it was clear to his private doctors after he returned to a brief career in civil life that his disablement and helplessness were due solely to wounds.

Mr. Meredith

They still repeat their denial of mercy and liability now, after all these years, when a desperate operation to save Meredith's life has had to be performed and a piece of shrapnel about the size of a bean taken from one of his lungs.

Shame descends on the authorities only when he has to enter hospital or sanatorium—both lungs are now seriously affected.

Then they pay an allowance to his wife and child. But all payment ceases the moment he has to return to bed at home.

Meredith has become a permanent invalid and he and his family have to exist on a pittance.

Even the evidence of the shrapnel bullet that caused the damage is not accepted in support of his claim for a wounds pension.

When asked to give any other possible reason for its presence in his lung, the Ministry of Pensions takes refuge in silence.

Death Won The Race

BIRMINGHAM, now bustling and humming with the impetus of trade revival, is to have a new central hospital. And not before time.

Existing hospitals are insufficient, both in personnel and equipment, to cope with the growing casualty lists.

So the new Birmingham Hospitals Centre is coming into being at a cost of £1,250,000.

Grim proof of the urgent need for a much better hospital service is provided by the tragedy of the death of Mr. Horace Henry Winfield, an electrical engineer, of College Road, Erdington, following an accident in the munitions factory where he was employed.

Winfield was among 880 new patients treated in one day at Birmingham's General Hospital, which is clearly insufficiently staffed.

Mr. Winfield was treated at the hospital by two young doctors who, notwithstanding their skill, should not have been required to bear alone the responsibility of a case so grave.

The unfortunate engineer had been treated by doctors in the factory, where he was severly burned when a transformer switch caught fire. His wounds were dressed after an injection of morphia and he was in a comfortable condition when he was received in the casualty ward of the hospital.

It is evidence of the high pressure at which the hospital doctors are required to work that Winfield had to wait two hours for attention. At the end of which period his wife was told to go home.

Winfield died not of his injuries, but from the effects of the anæsthetic which was used to deaden his pain whilst the burns were being dressed.

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He was under the anæsthetic for more than an hour and a half.

Winfield was a bad subject for operation and a more experienced doctor who gave evidence at the inquest expressed the opinion that the man would have died even if he himself had administered the anæsthetic.

The resident anæsthetist of the hospital was off duty and no one thought it necessary to call in more expert aid than was available.

When Winfield's wife returned to the hospital an hour later hoping to find her husband safely through the ordeal, he was already dead.

An idea of the necessity for drastic revision of the arrangements at this hospital is given by the fact that the number of casualties which its doctors have to deal with increased by no fewer than 6,000 in three months last year. And when it was reported to the authorities that the daily number of patients had increased to nearly 900, only two extra doctors were provided.

Unfortunately, the failure to cope with the public needs in Birmingham is only typical of conditions in most other areas of Britain.

FAT BAIT FOR TRADERS

FROM headquarters in a modest office in Regent Street, London, the Society for the Preservation of the Small Shopkeeper, Ltd., has launched a campaign to attract subscriptions and entrance fees from small shopkeepers and general traders.

For an annual payment of only ten shillings and an entrance fee of the same amount, these shopkeepers are promised assistance to buy and sell their goods on the same terms as multiple stores.

This may seem a somewhat superfluous undertaking in view of the fact that so many wholesale firms are supposed to deal with ordinary shopkeepers on the same basis as they trade with their larger competitors.

"No greater calamity could befall the British people," says the propaganda of the new society, "than that its shopkeepers should be exterminated.

"Yet, if timely action is not taken, that is what will happen, for their existence is already threatened by the great chain stores.

"These huge organisations, mostly of recent origin, are spreading their tentacles over the whole country and, if their progress is not checked, they will ultimately crush the small shopkeeper."

To prevent this happening, presumably, the Society for the Preservation of the Small Shopkeeper, Ltd., was registered this month as a company limited by guarantee and without share capital, each member being liable for not more than £1 in the event of winding-up.

★ ★ ★

The printed programme of the society is an ambitious document, and the shop-window of the concern is certainly well dressed. An attempt will be made, it is said, to promote the Parliamentary and local government candidature of persons pledged to support the objects of the society.

"Manufacturers will be invited to supply their goods through the S.P.S.S. to its members at the same prices as they do to the great chain stores."

Mr. Alexander Boss, the secretary, is most optimistic in his belief there should be no difficulty in obtaining this concession.

Free legal aid is also offered to members, to say nothing of assistance in preparing income-tax returns and the offer of other services.

The programme, indeed, is so ambitious and the promises so overwhelming that small traders would seem to be well advised to give extra consideration to the invitation to subscribe their money to this enterprise.

"BUSY BARGAIN SHARKS"

We have been asked by Messrs. M. Winrabe, of 22, Aldersgate Street, E.C.1, to say that they are in no way connected with the firm of the same name mentioned in our issue of 9th January, 1937, under the heading "Busy Bargain Sharks."

BOGUS PASTOR'S DOORSTEP PRAYER

HOUSEHOLDERS who are answering the door just now to benign and deferential-looking "missionaries" armed with collecting-boxes and leaflets should keep a specially watchful eye open for the name of Pastor D. Hurst.

Reports from various parts of the country suggest that his London Evangelistic Destitute Mission is carrying on another of its "revivals"—which is another way of saying that Pastor Hurst is intensifying his cadging efforts.

The more glib and persuasive the so-called missionary the more he benefits financially, seeing that he is paid a generous commission on all he collects. Only enough goes to benevolent purposes to keep Pastor Hurst, who is not a recognised clergyman of any denomination wherever, just within the law.

A London reader had an amazing experience of one of the pastor's missionaries the other day. Noticing the name "Pastor D. Hurst, Superintendent" on the collecting-box, he told the caller, a rather melancholy-looking man wearing a clerical collar, that he knew all about the so-called mission's dubious methods because he was an old reader of JOHN BULL.

That, you might think, would be enough to drive this "on-commission-and-expenses" missionary away. But no: he sank on his knees on the doorstep, clasped his hands reverently, and prayed for the souls of the Editor and staff of JOHN BULL!

That done, he rose with dusty knees and announced, "My religion teaches me that when my enemy smites me on one cheek I turn to him the other. Therefore I will not say one word against anything JOHN BULL has published. I would prefer to repay unkindness with forgiveness."

Then he presented his collecting-box again!

Failing a second time, he told the householder that all JOHN BULL'S allegations were untrue and that the mission could get heavy damages for libel if it were not against its principles to be anything but unforgiving in the matter.

There is much for which Pastor Hurst and the London Evangelistic Mission should seek forgiveness.

At one time its "missionaries" were allowed to keep 8s. in the pound, gathered from the public. At another, there was a graduated scale which permitted anyone who collected £10 to retain £3 10s. Even of the small balance, little went to charity or religious purposes.

★ ★ ★

Offering a man the job of collecting in a group of Kentish towns, the ridiculous Mission expressed its willingness to distribute eight 5s. parcels of groceries within a year throughout the district, to make his cadging easier!

It has unblushingly made use of a number of accommodation addresses, not hesitating to describe one address of the kind as its City Headquarters. Even on figures issued by Hurst himself, less than a penny out of every shilling subscribed to the Mission by the charitable public during the year covered by his report went to "benevolent work."

Hurst learned his dubious charity work under A. J. Matthews, a bogus pastor whom JOHN BULL has repeatedly exposed, and a bogus clergyman, J. R. Penrose, who has twice been imprisoned for fraudulent charity-collecting.

The doorstep prayers of his missionary are further evidence that he and his tours spare nothing in the way of oiliness and humbug while there are pennies to be arrested from the big-hearted pu...

"Pastor" D. Hurst

Silk Stocking Snare

IF you happen to receive some elegant sales literature from or to read the advertisements of Messrs. Swinton Bros., hosiery manufacturers, of London, Leicester, etc., do not be tempted to get in touch with them.

To speak of the firm in the plural is a mistake to begin with. There are no brothers. There is not even a Swinton.

It is an enterprise of a person whose real name is Bernard Lucy, and who for years has been waxing rich by offering to the public all kinds of merchandise at absurdly low prices.

The only complaint that can be made against him is that he takes the money for, but never delivers the goods.

Lucy is a barefaced swindler. In numerous identities, he has been known as such for years. He vanishes from every address as soon as he has made one quick complete haul.

Now, after periods of fruitful activity as a supposed tea-merchant, boot and shoe vendor, and domestic linen specialist at accommodation addresses in Cardiff, Manchester, Leeds and Glasgow, Lucy has invented a business as manufacturer and retailer (at wholesale prices) of women's stockings.

In the guise of Swinton he offers, "as an advertisement," three pairs of superior service-weight stockings for 2s., with 6d. extra for postage, to anyone who can induce three friends to place a similar order.

No one ever gets the stockings. Lucy has none to supply.

Why Aubrey LAUGHS And LAUGHS

PET lovers for some reason are increasingly becoming the victims of advertising tricksters.

Most audacious among the members of this company is perhaps an old man named Roderick Aubrey, of Priory Road, Hall Green, Birmingham.

Few people can have failed to observe the announcements of bird and animal bargains which he contrives to have inserted in provincial newspapers. His offers may be identified from this example:

> Tame pet parrot, whistles, mimics, nice companion, almost human, 14s. Also pretty, small cross fox-pom. puppy, little darling, 12s.

★ ★ ★

Aubrey, who specialises in parrots which he represents to be able to talk, dance and laugh, is a phantom kind of merchant.

JOHN BULL has discovered him operating from different addresses—he was at Stapleford, Notts, before moving to Birmingham—and under numerous names. Sometimes he advertises as the "Proprietor" or "Owner," but indiscriminately he also calls himself Horace Holland, Captain Holland, Mrs. Marshall, W. Aubrey Ross, Mr. Thomas and what not.

Much more serious, however, is the fact that in so many cases Aubrey's parrots and the other pets he so freely offers cheaply are also phantoms of his imagination.

It ceases to be a laughing matter when the parrots he boasts about are not delivered except under extreme pressure, or, if something is, it turns out to be not a parrot at all, but a kind of parakeet without voice or feathers.

Complaints about Aubrey pour in so thickly that there appears to be need to stifle his queer jests at the public's expense.

Roderick Aubrey—his queer jests at the public expense should be stopped

Detective To Arrest

THE crook the police can't catch. This title aptly fits an adventurer with no fewer than thirty aliases who is swindling shopkeepers in all parts of Britain. His real name is Arthur Bradshaw.

He is a bogus detective. But he is so cunning and clever that he has for months been able to elude the attentions of thousands of real police officers who have orders to effect his arrest.

Bradshaw, who has been "working" the West Country during the last few weeks, is tall and middle-aged, looks every inch a police officer, and has never once roused suspicion until after his roguery has been accomplished.

He pretends to be a forgery expert from Scotland Yard, and represents to his dupes that the sole object of the Criminal Investigation Department at present is to track down a gang of banknote forgers whose operations are causing officials of the Bank of England considerable anxiety.

★ ★ ★

In all his coups this rogue uses a motor-car, a large magnifying glass, and a small metal case containing a greenish powder. A typical illustration of his methods is provided by what happened to a Chester victim a few days ago.

Bradshaw entered a general stores, said he was a detective-inspector, and in confidential tones told the owner—a widow—that enquiries led him to believe that she had innocently received from a member of the gang a number of the forged banknotes.

Taken by surprise, the woman allowed him to inspect her till, and, later, all the notes she had in a room above.

The bogus officer closely examined these with his magnifying glass and sprinkled some of the powder on them.

Then, placing all the notes in an envelope, he said that his suspicions had been confirmed and that he must take the money away for inspection by the local chief constable.

Later he returned, and, handing what appeared to be the same envelope back, told the woman that later she might be called upon to give information about her recent customers.

When "Inspector Bradshaw" had gone and the envelope was opened, it contained only slips of blank paper.

The bogus sleuth obtained £16 in this case, but, often victimising three or four victims a day, is known to have amassed £60 in one town in five hours!

Victims have complained to the police from, among other places, Doncaster, Rhyl, Sheffield, Blackburn, Preston, Swansea, Cardiff, and the Wandsworth and Limehouse districts of London. Numerous warrants for Bradshaw's arrest remain ineffective while he still carries on his frauds with impunity.

SUFFERERS EXPLOITED

SUFFERERS from rheumatism and kindred ailments have been cruelly exploited by a quack organisation known as the Foot and Rheumatism Clinic, of Jesmond Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Among them is a woman who was offered "free" treatment on condition that she furnished a testimonial. From this small beginning patients were quickly attracted.

"Sufferers from long-standing foot troubles, corns, stiff joints, etc.," states an advertisement, "can have immediate relief and often a perfect cure after a few treatments. Skilful and painless manipulation by expert practitioners."

Some idea of the unorthodox way in which the clinic has been run is afforded by the experience of two young women chiropodists who were engaged from Glasgow.

It was soon made clear to them that it was better and more profitable to dabble in massage and "electrical treatment" to impress the patient rather than keep to ordinary chiropody.

To cure a patient too soon was folly! The clinic's main idea seemed to be to advise patients to take at least eighteen treatments at a fee of eighteen guineas.

There was a suggestion that a student could teach them "general massage," but the girls wisely refused to work for a clinic run on such preposterous lines.

Now here is the experience of a patient, which may be taken as typical. He was examined by a supposed doctor who pretended that the case would require long treatment and could not possibly be accepted under eighteen guineas.

Foot sufferers should give this clinic a wide berth

As a concession, however, instalments could be arranged, so the patient paid £2 10s. down and £6 10s. a week later.

His course has never been completed, for when he called for his third treatment he found that the clinic had closed its doors.

Enquiry shows that the clinic's practitioners, whose names are conspicuously absent from its literature, have disappeared. Complaints are numerous.

These unknown quacks are believed to have been behind similar ventures in other provincial towns, including Sunderland and Preston, and, as they are certain to re-establish themselves in some new centre, the public should be on its guard.

YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED BY RADIO

Professor Hilton on November 19th broadcast a warning to all intending students concerning correspondence colleges. The warning was to the effect that while there are many good and reliable colleges teaching by correspondence, there are many others that are merely colleges by name only. He specially warned intending students against those so-called colleges who rented a couple of rooms in a large building in a well known street, who made great promises that they did not intend to fulfil, and claimed successes they could not prove, and who used the names of prominent men who were in no way connected or working with the college.

NOTICE.

The accompanying picture is taken from a photograph of The Bennett College, which has been established over 30 years. We have a permanent staff of over 190 people on the College premises. Our Professional staff have all passed their examinations, and our tutors are all experts in their own specialised work. We do not send out any home-work to be corrected by tired, spare time tutors. All students' homework is corrected on the College premises the same day that it arrives and is returned by evening post. This College is Technical, General and Commercial, thus enabling us to cater for all requirements.

This is an entirely British College. Most of our textbooks are written on the College premises by our own professional staff, especially for tutorial purposes. Our tutors specialise in teaching students for the examinations they themselves have already passed.

THERE IS NO OTHER COLLEGE IN THIS KINGDOM THAT CAN CLAIM ALL THE ABOVE ADVANTAGES.

We have seating accommodation for over 10,000, but it is not necessary for students to attend the College; we can send exactly the same tuition to you by post for a reasonable fee payable monthly.

Anyone who reads the journal knows that there are many things advertised that one can study, and any kind of study is good. It is training for the brain, but the best thing to study, surely, is a course specially prepared to teach your own vocation, or prepare you for the examination which you have in view.

Showing that you are master of your job gives you self-confidence and personality, but a Diploma from a College is absolute proof of your efficiency. We have agencies in all English-speaking corners of the world. The nature of our business makes us keep in touch with employment requirements in all parts of the world, therefore we specialise in preparing students for the good positions which we know exist, and for all the worth-while examinations.

We are prepared to produce, on demand, over 10,000 unsolicited testimonials from successful students, or in default we will hand over £100 to charity.

THE ABOVE VAST ORGANISATION CAN HAVE BEEN CREATED ONLY BY THE SUCCESS OF OUR STUDENTS.

There is a tide in the affairs of man which, if taken at the flood, leads on to fortune and success. There are three things which come not back: the sped arrow, the spoken word, and the lost opportunity.

This is your opportunity. If it is your desire to make progress and establish yourself in a good career, write to us for free particulars on any subject which interests you, or if your career is not decided, write and tell us of your likes and dislikes, and we will give you practical advice as to the possibilities of a vocation and how to succeed in it. You will be under no obligation whatever. It is our pleasure to help. We never take students for courses unless we feel satisfied they are suitable.

Do not forget that success is not the prerogative of the brilliant. Our experience of over 30 years proves that *the will to succeed* achieves more than outstanding brilliancy.

LET ME BE YOUR FATHER

Let me tell you how to make a success of your career.

If your future is undecided or appears unsatisfactory, let us talk it over together.

I want to help, and it will cost you nothing to get my help, you will be under no obligation whatever.

A STAFF OF 197

are in daily attendance at this College at your service.

HOW TO STUDY

In your spare time when it suits YOU. You fix your own time, you do not GO to your studies—the postman brings THEM TO YOU. There is nothing that a class-room teacher can show on a blackboard that we cannot show on a white paper. The lesson on a blackboard will be cleaned off, but our lessons are PERMANENT. A class-room teacher cannot give you a private word of encouragement, but a Correspondence Tutor can do so whenever your work deserves it. On the other hand he can, where necessary, point out your mistakes PRIVATELY.

DO ANY OF THESE SUBJECTS INTEREST YOU?

- Accountancy Examinations
- Advertising and Sales Management
- A.M.I. Fire E. Exam.
- Applied Mechanics
- Army Certificates
- Auctioneers and Estate Agents
- Aviation Engineering
- Banking
- Boilers
- Book-keeping, Accountancy and Modern Business Methods
- B.Sc. (Eng.)
- B.Sc. (Estate Management)
- Building, Architecture and Clerk of Works
- Cambridge Senior School Certificate
- Civil Engineering
- Civil Service
- All Commercial Subjects
- Commercial Art
- Concrete and Structural Engineering
- Draughtsmanship, all branches
- Engineering, all branches, subjects and exams.
- General Education
- G.P.O. Eng. Dept.
- Heating and Ventilating
- Industrial Chemistry
- Insurance
- Mathematics, Matriculation
- Metallurgy
- Mining, all subjects
- Mining, Electrical Engineering
- Motor Engineering
- Motor Trade
- Municipal & County Engineers
- Naval Architecture
- Pattern Making
- Police, Special Course
- Preceptors, College of
- Pumps & Pumping Machinery
- Radio Service Engineering
- Road Making & Maintenance
- Salesmanship I.S.M.A.
- Sanitation
- Secretarial Exams.
- Sheet Metal Work
- Shipbuilding
- Shorthand (Pitman's)
- Structural Engineering
- Surveying
- Teachers of Handicrafts
- Telephony and Telegraphy
- Transport Inst. Exams.
- Weights & Measures Inspector
- Welding
- Wireless Telegraphy and Telephony
- Works Managers

If you do not see your own requirements above, write to us.

Full particulars free.

YOUNG MEN

Young men physically fit and whose careers are not definitely fixed should join the Police Force. We have Special Courses for Entrance and Promotion. 1/- per week brings success. Full particulars Free.

Address: POLICE DEPT. 31.

ENGINEERS

Engineers, now is your chance to dig yourselves into a Key position and make your future solid. It needs Technical Training, we can give you that by post. Full particulars free, Dept. 31.

Also ask for

THE HUMAN MACHINE

By E. R. THOMPSON

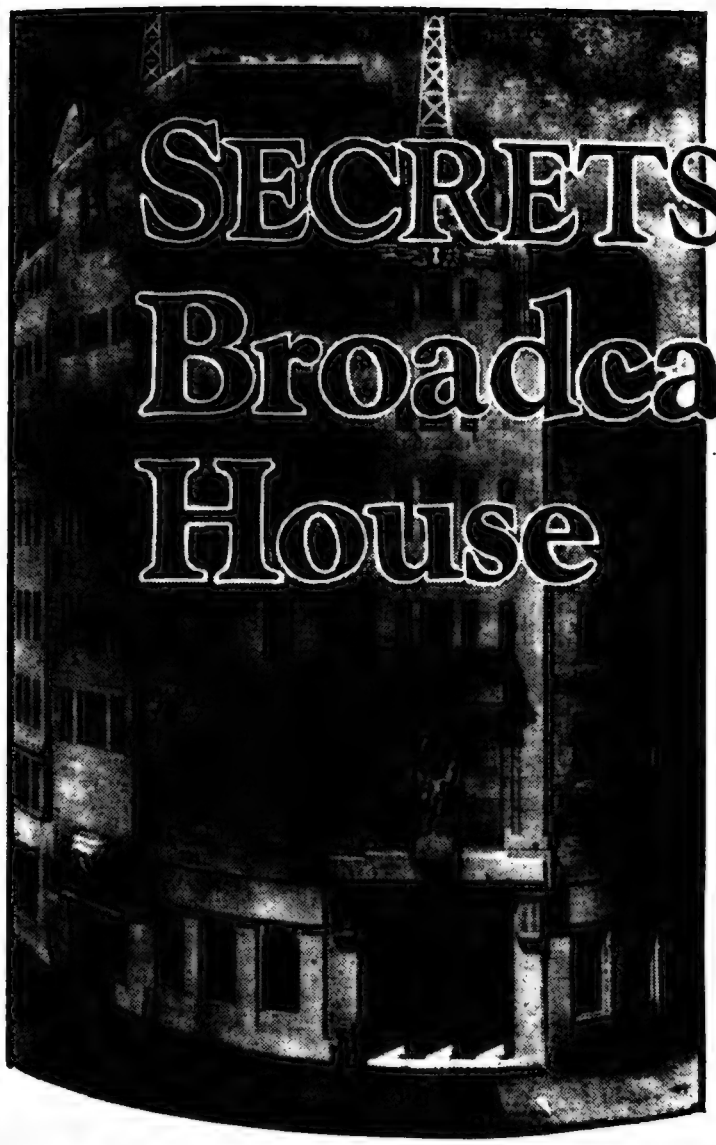
This useful book is FREE to all thinking people

It teaches you how to Memorise.
It teaches you how to Concentrate.
It teaches you how to Think.
It teaches you how to Develop Personality.
It teaches you that Great Essential to Success, Self-Confidence.

Note Address: Dept. 31, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, SHEFFIELD.

SECRETS of Broadcasting House

Told From The Inside



g guns of criticism are once more bombarding the B.B.C. and its staff—everything is wrong with broadcasting and the men who run it. Here is an unbiased artic'e written by a man who has worked for years in Broadcasting House in a position which gave him peculiar opportunities to form a real opinion of the merits and defects of the B.B.C. as an organisation.

WHAT happens inside the B.B.C.? What is the truth of allegations of tapped telephone conversations, of a secret spy service, of interference with the private lives of individuals?

The answer is that these and similarly fantastic stories are nonsense. It is a fact that the B.B.C. deliberately sets out to be an ideal employer, but this, as in everything, it must have its own way. And it insists on having its own way because it assumes infallibility.

So paternal is the B.B.C. towards its staff that several members have made for themselves profitable public careers largely because of the reputations and contacts gained in radio work.

With few exceptions, three weeks' holiday with pay is the minimum. Those with £500 a year or more get a month. At death, a year's salary is paid to dependents. Christmas brings an extra week's pay all round. Without giving a reason, B.B.C. employees may take a few days' extra leave. If you are lucky enough—in this respect—to work for the microphone, you may have a private loan, a tenth of a year's salary in bonus after ten years' service, with perhaps three months' grace leave on half pay and possibly a special grant in addition.

On appointment, you must be photographed at B.B.C. expense, and your features recorded in the archives. After you retire on pension provided on a contributory basis. The B.B.C. pays the same amount as you, and the total 4½ per cent. compound interest becomes your property when contracts are "terminated." Most of them are when they are sacked. Should you marry, there are extra holidays on full pay, as well as a wedding present of money.

MARRIED women are granted three months' maternity leave. Income tax is deducted weekly or monthly. There is a savings scheme and a benevolent fund for those who fall on hard times.

Electrical goods and other commodities for personal use can be bought through the Corporation's buying department.

Travelling and subsistence allowances are more liberal than in the Civil Service and other expenses are on the same scale.

The same fatherly interest broods over the B.B.C. at play. Acres of sports grounds are provided at Motspur Park, and there is a splendid clubhouse. There are staff social clubs both in London and at the regional centres. A secretary (paid and with a small staff) looks after all these activities. There is a library with low charges, and one large motoring organisation admits B.B.C. employees to membership at a reduced rate. Nor is that all. Some members of the staff have free radio and television sets in their homes. For others the 'phone bill is paid, with the exception of private calls. All this can be justified; but it is all very pleasant and shows the mind and hand of a far-seeing father.

There are a hundred stories of the B.B.C.'s kindness to individuals, their families and dependants. Also, if you have a relative at the B.B.C. you have priority over the public in gaining admission to the variety shows in St. George's Hall.

So, having given so much of the listener's money to his family, Father Radio expects his children to be completely satisfied, and never to let the discordant voice of criticism get into the Press.

Thus has been moulded the authority which, at Portland Place, is real, all-powerful and swift to overtake those who dare to challenge it.

Why, then, should a well-housed, well-paid and well-cared-for staff complain?

There is always the feeling of a watchful eye, a feeling that begets uncertainty and makes men and women timid where they should be bold in the public service. They feel that they are living over high explosives.

Some there are in the B.B.C. who would never do a mean act; there are a few others whom the staff can never trust. A smile of recognition by some officials may be much more dangerous than being completely ignored.

There is no security of tenure. That is the cause of much of the fear and dissatisfaction. In the absence of this security there is wire-pulling.

The B.B.C. organisation is autocratic, smacks of service discipline, and is moulded in a kind of despotism. Each new staff regulation is so framed that there is no more freedom or security than is given under the lop-sided staff agreement which gives the Corporation full power over its employees.

In the House of Commons a former Postmaster-General said "the B.B.C. is not a happy ship." Some of the senior officers in that ship were trained in the stern discipline of the Service before they entered broadcasting fortified with a State pension for their services.

Staff matters, it is argued, can very well be entrusted to the keeping of these trained leaders of men.

SIR JOHN REITH is not to blame. He does not make staff appointments. He is not concerned with the private lives of the staff. It would be difficult to prove that in practice he is an autocrat. He sees difficulties a long way ahead, and men with limited vision are jealous and bitter when his plans materialise. He is not at fault. It is the system which judges rather by the old school tie and the correct angle at which the sober black trilby is worn. Sir John is one of the few men who have grown up with broadcasting. But it has always been a monopoly. There is no ordinary standard of comparison.

As with the programmes, so with the staff. Because there is only one authority, a large percentage of the employees is recruited from genteel persons who like and encourage the old-school atmosphere. They can't bear others to be different. Better be dull than distinctive. And so snobbery finds a good breeding ground; and has grown too strong to be easily suppressed.

Because of this air of mystery and authority, the B.B.C. and its staff, who should work in the full light of day, have a false sense of their value and of the importance of their work.

Having done all it can to free its staff from ordinary cares, the B.B.C. insists that its own ideas of broadcasting must be carried out. It has its own methods of dealing with those who resist.

Those who don't "fit in," the outsiders, are sidetracked and skilfully frozen out. Become awkward, and your difficulties multiply.

Few men have the courage to insist on the right of an interview with the Director-General when their superiors have advised them that it would not be to their ultimate benefit. So there are many who have nursed their grievances for years. Why blame Sir John Reith?

Every man works for himself—keeps his eyes and ears open. Every employee is the subject of a confidential report by his superior each February prior to the annual review of services and salaries.

If the expected rise does not materialise who will complain? Who will win? Since salaries are confidential matters, care must be taken that outsiders do not hear them discussed. Passages, restaurants, indeed all public places are held to be dangerous.

This atmosphere of suspicion must disturb the work and personnel of the B.B.C. and make it a kind of factory where radio is made by men and women who smile artificially to hide their true feelings.

IN exchange for a more human system the staff would gladly yield up many privileges. They want a proper system of promotion. Most of the key jobs have in the past gone to outsiders who were preferred before men and women inside the B.B.C. with years of experience. Now vacancies are advertised the staff may apply. So the selection committee must often be surprised to find the man it wants inside the department where the vacancy exists. There have been cases of subordinates rising above their chiefs.

All these things make for suspicion and uneasiness. A staff organisation must come. The B.B.C. may say the staff does not want it. The staff says what the B.B.C. wants it to say. Despite the Ullswater Committee's recommendation, and the example of the whole Civil Service, the B.B.C. has not yet got its staff organisation.

Public funds go to the B.B.C. which must be ready to say how much it pays its staff—in detail.

Many would be surprised to know the total of £1,000-a-year men and over. Those who pay have a right to know.

An equally important point is expenditure on building and plant. What the B.B.C. has spent under these headings in the last ten years would stagger the listeners.

A fundamental change in the policy programme staff should also be demanded. Broadcasting needs men and women trained in the ways of the world. Those who best know the needs of the public, and experts in entertainment and in journalism are excluded.

There should be money enough in the B.B.C. coffers to do all these things.

NEW DODGE TO STOP HITLER

BELGIUM and Holland, despite Hitler's efforts to conciliate them—it is believed he will offer to guarantee Belgian neutrality side by side with Britain and France shortly—are secretly seeing that their frontiers are protected with every modern method of defence.

Most favoured of all war plans in the German War Office is the Von Epp plan, which calls for the invasion of both Belgium and the Netherlands.

Belgium is having every road and every bridge along her frontier mined, ready for immediate destruction in event of invasion.

Her forts are said by experts to represent the latest thing in defence. Large sums are being spent in all spheres of frontier defence, while the Belgian leaders await with equanimity Hitler's forthcoming move to reassure them.

This expected promise to Belgium is said by the Belgians to be a ruse to lure them into slowing down their frontier defence work.

The Dutch Government has brought up to date the elaborate system by means of which they could flood any invaded area.

The canal system is so great that, linked as it is to the sea, the Government engineers can to-day arrange to flood such-and-such an area with one or two or three feet of water, as required.

The Dutch claim that this would immobilise any army unless it came in boats.

* * *

At the same time the Dutch Secret Service is keeping the closest watch on the little German town of Lingen, on the Ems, near the Dutch frontier.

It has become a garrison town. Six new roads have been recently constructed by the Germans leading to it, although the commercial importance of the town is small.

All along the Dutch frontier new aerodromes are being constructed by the Nazis. Many people in Holland say that these aerodromes house the machines that may one day fly over Holland on their way to London.

A Wonderful New Interest in Life

FOR MARRIED WOMEN and for SINGLE GIRLS

I am speaking, *says Mr. John Moores, of Littlewood's,* to married women—and single girls, too—who long for something to brighten their lives, bring them in touch with new friends, and at the same time earn them A USEFUL SPARE-TIME INCOME.

I know you do not want "canvassing" work; nor anything which calls for capital or deposit money. Nor must the new occupation interfere with home duties or regular jobs.

Mr. John Moores

It will bring you MONEY AND FRIENDS

Here is the ideal hobby for you—the running of a Littlewood 20-Week Club amongst family and friends. It is the very thing for a woman or girl who feels herself capable of more than just running a home.

It will bring you in touch with new friends as well as old; it will earn you trust and respect; it will brighten your life; it will enable you to do a real service to your friends; and at the same time it will earn you a regular, sure and easy spare-time income.

Read these letters from Organisers. They are unsolicited; they come straight from the heart:—

"CAN YOU IMAGINE MY GREAT JOY?"

Mrs. D. Jack, stranger to London from S. Wales, found her Littlewood Club the means of making many new friends. "Being an Organiser has gained for me many trusting friends—as my being a native of Wales, you can perhaps understand the task I had with people who looked upon me as a stranger. I am now glad to say I have their greatest respect and support, and many who were passers-by before are now happy and well-satisfied friends.

"Can you imagine my great joy in being able to write this happy letter to you? Words cannot tell of the surprised delight of my friends in receiving their wonderful value-for-money goods on such simple terms. I thank you sincerely for your prompt delivery and value, which has helped me to keep my friends happy with me."

"IT IS CERTAINLY A PLEASURE"

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Will WALES Find A De Valera?

By HANNEN SWAFFER

GROSS stupidity on the part of the Air Ministry has resulted in a "Conscience" trial that, I am afraid, will inflame in Wales a nationalism that may have far-reaching effects.

Were there somewhere in the valleys a de Valera, the fierce indignation which has spread across the Principality would already have become a menace almost as threatening as that intensified in Ireland by a Toryism which, in 1886 and again in the nineties, threw out Home Rule measures which in all probability would have saved Ireland.

As it is, Saunders Lewis, the spearhead of the anti-English movement—he is President of the Welsh Nationalist Party—has gone to jail for nine months. He, a profound scholar of Welsh literature and a Roman Catholic with a passion for mediævalism, a fiery orator and a fanatic in his protest against the Anglicising of his country, is an almost inspired leader.

He will not leave Wormwood Scrubs, though, until the middle of August at the earliest. By that time passion may have died down.

The cause of this trouble was the Air Ministry's insistence on building a bombing school in Caernarvonshire, in the very centre of Welsh culture, a place that was not only a beauty spot but once held in reverence by millions of Welshmen.

The aerodrome could easily have been put somewhere else. Had the Government only admitted its mistake and been tactful, inflamed opinion would have been appeased.

As it was, I saw, last week, three Welsh nationalists, all men of fine character, all inspired by the highest motives, standing in the dock at the Old Bailey charged with arson.

Their sentence, inevitable though it was, led, in Wales, to anger and defiance.

The three men who brought the Welsh Nationalist movement in the limelight: Rev. L. Valentine, Prof. S. Lewis, and Mr. D. Williams

The Rev. Lewis Valentine, who helped Lewis to set fire to the bombing school, fought in the last war because, as he said, "In my innocence I believed the nonsense we were told, that it was a war to end war."

By this time, he was a conscientious objector, who took seriously his own Baptist Union's denunciation of war and its renunciation of armaments.

David John Williams, the third prisoner was a Welsh schoolmaster at Fishguard, an author, a man who had been a member of the lifeboat crew.

Lewis, let out on bail, was suspended by his university.

Williams, living in Fishguard, which is half English, found himself back in a town in which he was championed by some and attacked by others.

Valentine, a fervid preacher, went on a tour of Wales, justifying himself to great congregations, given, in his own words, "a reception greater than that given to a prince or a king. . . . I was welcomed as a prophet of God."

Now you and I cannot justify the burning of public property. As Mr. Justice Charles told the jury, "If it is open to you to say that people are not guilty of burning places because they wanted to call attention to some point of view, I am not sure that some political Party who did not agree with some opposing political Party would not burn the property of the other side. You would get commoff anarchy."

Yet I remember that, but for the Chartists, who, a century ago, set fire to public buildings, the great Reform Act might not have been passed; that the Suffragettes obtained votes for their sex by making themselves a public nuisance; that most of the martyrs were law-breakers; that John Ball and Wat Tyler, John Hampden and the Five Members all broke laws of one kind or another: that if men had not gone to prison because of laws and ordinances of which they did not approve, there would, in the past, have been no progress.

That I will not stress. "Conscience" was always arguable. It is still arguable.

This I do know—that, in this case, my sympathies are with the three men now in Wormwood Scrubs and not with Lord Swinton, head of an Air Ministry which, as the three accused men say, gave in to English public opinion when it protested against military aerodromes at Abbotsbury, in Dorsetshire, Holy Island, and on the banks of the Wash.

The point made by the Welsh nationalists in regard to this was that, while English protests were listened to, Welsh public opinion was slighted, insulted and ignored.

That I believe to be true.

The Rev. Lewis Valentine, whose splendid character is written on his face, said after his arrest, the last thing he did before helping to set fire to the bombing school was to take his four-year-old girl to school for the first time, "ponder what the course of her life would be, pray that her burdens in life would not be too heavy, and especially that her lot would not be as sorrowful as that of the mothers of my own generation.

"I hoped that my own mother's sorrow would never be hers, and that in motherhood she would never have to see her sons be compelled to leave all the tenderness and kindliness of life in Wales and be dragged into the wars of the surly nations."

I wonder if the Government knows the extent of the fury of the flame which it has kindled. I lunched on the day of the trial with my friend Caradog Prichard, who has on three occasions won the bardic crown. He had been the previous Saturday to see Wales play England on the Rugby field at Twickenham.

"Where is this battle to be continued?" he asked. "In the sporting spirit and on the Rugby fields of Twickenham and Cardiff, or in the bitterness and prison yards of Brixton and Wormwood Scrubs?"

He spoke of how when, in 1880, Charles Stewart Parnell and his fellow-leaders of the Irish Land League had been tried for fighting the evils of landlordism—in that case the jury disagreed, the Irish foreman saying, "We are unanimous, but we cannot agree"—there followed a fight over the Coercion Bill, which not only paralysed the machinery of Parliament, but ended in bitterness which still remains.

"What we do know," said Caradog Prichard, "is that we now hate the English with sullen, inarticulate hatred. It is not the small enmity of individuals but the deep-rooted hate-consciousness of the introvert who has survived centuries of dominion, who still speaks a language of his own and carries it as a yoke.

"We remember our schooldays with shame, the times we were humiliated by teachers for daring to speak our own language."

"Wales is a land of song, of moods, of religious revivals," he added. "These days, in its chapels and Sunday Schools, they find inspiration, as ever, in the Old Testament, and are drawing remarkable word-pictures to the younger generation, comparing the three Old Bailey criminals with the Three Young Men who came out of the fiery furnace unscathed. They are telling the story of the burning bombing-base, and comparing it with the story of Moses and the Burning Bush, and the Still Small Voice."

We have to be careful, you know, you and I, about the future of all this incipient nationalism. It is spreading in Scotland. It is becoming a passion in Wales. It is honest. It has to be reckoned with.

Heaven knows we have in England a breadth of mind as a people, even if the Government has not. Our greatest soldier, Wellington, was an Irishman. We welcomed him to England. Of Roberts, another Irishman, we made a national hero. Lloyd George, a Welshman, was the great War Premier. Haig, a Scotsman, was head of the Army which beat the Germans. Campbell-Bannerman, a Scotsman who was Prime Minister, is more and more respected as the years go on. Ramsay MacDonald was three times Prime Minister. The fact that he came from Scotland made no difference.

No, it is not too late. We must make use of the culture and the idealism of men like Saunders Lewis, fine, splendid preachers like the Rev. Lewis Valentine, capable, honest teachers like David John Williams. If we make of them enemies, Heaven help us.

They are not the people we have to fear. They are people who can be turned, if we are liberal, generous and sympathetic, into most devoted champions of most of the things we want to stand for—peace, a new world, a brotherhood of nations.

They do not believe in slums. They hate war. They can visualise a better world than this. Narrow, obstinate, obscurantism made of them martyrs.

Why didn't the Government receive their deputations? They had a serious grievance. Why, twice, did the Prime Minister insult them by saying he would not see them?

Nationalism is something which I deplore. But then I do not belong to one of the small nations, who feel they are being swept out of existence.

We must find a way of transmuting what in the beginning is an ideal, into something which can be used for the benefit of the whole of mankind.

Persecute it, make it feel that it is being made a victim, and you turn it into an enemy which may imperil Civilisation.

We must remember that all nationalists are not mere cranks. Cunninghame-Graham was no fanatic. The breadth of his humanitarianism made him a martyr when, in 1887, he went to jail with John Burns for "the common people." although he himself was an aristocrat. Compton Mackenzie is no fanatic. Yet both of these men became Scottish Nationalists and led a cause.

We must learn to understand these things. We must not merely condemn them. For these are perilous days.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

WE have all been told many a time that "great oaks from little acorns grow"; but whatever lesson the statement is meant to impart is only half-taught unless we are also told that it takes a long, long time for a great oak to grow from a little acorn.

Oaks don't spring up full-grown in a night. You can't fire shells from a pea-shooter. Miracles don't happen. Nowhere in Nature is there any great disproportion between cause and effect.

Little causes produce little effects. Big effects are brought about by big causes. Get that law into your head and you are on the way to an understanding of life and yourself.

It has a very practical application to ourselves and our everyday life. People who explode and "go off the deep end" at trifles are deceiving themselves and trying to deceive others if they imagine that the trifles are the real cause of their explosion.

So the answer must be that if you fly into a temper or have a sizeable tantrum of any sort over what is demonstrably a triviality, you will have to look for the real cause of your outburst somewhere else.

It's no good kicking the dog just because he happens to be in your way at the time! That's an outlet, but it certainly isn't a cause.

The real cause of any emotional explosion must be commensurate with the size of the explosion. If you're honest, you'll admit it and look for it. If and when you find it it will probably look quite small—but that's another story!

Mr. G. STOKES. Aged 66.
Fairview Lane Green, Nr Codsall, Wolverhampton,
says:—
"Until I took Birley's Antacid Powder I was frightened to eat anything . . ."

A LIFETIME OF STOMACH AGONIES

PAIN AT HEART FROM WIND, WITH ATTACKS OF ACIDITY, HEARTBURN, INDIGESTION, SOUR STOMACH AND DREADFUL MORNING HEADACHES

DEAR SIRS,—I have suffered all my life from acidity, heartburn and indigestion, and sometimes have been so bad with pain at the heart from wind that the sweat poured out of my body. My food would keep rising sour and wind keep rolling about in the bowels, and my tongue was always yellow and coated. I was often frightened to eat anything for fear of the agonising pains coming on.

Not long ago I sent for your free gift of Birley's Antacid Powder. From the very first dose I received great relief from the awful pain in a few seconds, and since taking it regularly I have been a different man. I was never able to take any supper, but now I can eat meat, pastry, and cheese, or anything else and keep quite free from pain and wind. I find I sleep a lot better and get up in the mornings cheerful and free from headaches. I sometimes eat things that used to give me pain, on purpose to try the powder, and everything I eat now goes all right. It's marvellous to think I've found something to put me right after all these years.

Yours gratefully,
G. STOKES.

FORTY YEARS OF INDIGESTION

SUFFERED SINCE A GIRL FROM TERRIBLE STOMACH PAINS AND WHERE THE LIVER LIES, WITH SWELLING AFTER MEALS

DEAR SIRS,—Ever since I was a girl of 15 years of age I have had dreadful trouble with my stomach—terrible pains and swelling after meals, and I was always afraid to eat much.

I went one day to my daughter at Herne Hill, and a most dreadful attack came on. She had received a sample of Birley's Antacid Powder that morning and gave me a dose. I have never known anything like it. The relief was marvellous. It seemed unbelievable. You ought to call it the magic powder. I cannot express my thanks enough.

I bought a 1/3 tin on the way home, and within a day or two I began to eat and drink anything I wanted. My tongue cleared, my bowels were regular, and I now have a nice fresh colour, whereas I was always a bit sallow-looking.

I make all my family take a dose of Birley's the moment they have heartburn or wind. It's wonderful! If only I had had this when I was young it would have saved me years of pain. I now take a dose every night. You've no idea the good it does me.

Yours truly,
MARY CLAASSEN

Mrs. M. CLAASSEN. Aged 63.
18, Derwent Grove, S.E.22,
says:—
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Roosevelt's Biggest Task

"Nine Old Men" Cannot Stop Him

Lesson For A Chief Constable

Millions At Stake

Roosevelt will have to reform the Supreme Court

DEAR MR. ROOSEVELT,—As I listened to your inaugural speech as President of the United States for the second time, I wished that we had a man like you at the head of affairs in this country. I can pay you no greater compliment than that.

I have talked with many Americans who felt insulted when asked about the unemployment and poverty questions in the United States. They denied there was a shortage of houses and said that only the "work-shys" were idle.

You exploded all that nonsense by your bold words declaring that you saw within the nation "tens of millions of citizens a substantial part of its whole population—who at this very moment are denied the greater part of what the very lowest standards of to-day call the necessities of life."

More than that, you declared that in the very home of modern comfort and mechanical ingenuity—"I see millions lacking the means to buy the products of farm and factory, and by their poverty denying work and productiveness to other millions."

* * *

Your very boldness in stating the problems in such cutting phrases has left opponents without criticism.

You have four years in which to carry out the second half of a task equal almost to that which faced Russia after the revolution.

Your work will lie in the ways of peace. The whole world looks to you to succeed. We dare not speculate on what would happen to American democracy if you should fail.

By nature the American is adventurous. By tradition he is impatient of the power of vested interest. If you can solve the problems of poverty and war in the American Continent by democratic means, you will have given Europe new hope.

Do not let the "Nine Old Men" of the Supreme Court stand in your way.

Already the American nation has learned that the greatest President can be frustrated by a court that is out of touch with the needs of the day.

If you tackle them first, then the whole people will be with you.

And when you have done that there is the big task of finding the money to pay for all the reforms you mean to introduce.

You can get the money only if trade continues to prosper. On that point your Mr. Runciman, now in America, should be able to help with a treaty that will make a breach in the tariff barriers.

I will watch your efforts with sympathy and will hope for success.

JOHN BULL.

Councillor H. V. EMERY,
Brownhills Urban District Council

DEAR SIR,—As a result of the report of the District Auditor who made a special inquiry into the accounts of the Brownhills Council, you have quite rightly been asked to resign the chairmanship of the Direct Labour (Housing) Committee.

Ratepayers must be disillusioned to learn that you had employed council workmen on your own property and that you have been "indiscreet."

The auditor declares that "undue preference has been given" to a certain firm, though he does say you paid the same firm more for your own timber than the Council did.

Why wait to be asked to resign? The auditor's report ought to have shown you that you had failed in your duty to those who elected you.

JOHN BULL.

The MAGISTRATES,
Ossett, Yorks

GENTLEMEN,—You surprise me. A farmer, James Dolphus Stead, of Gawthorpe, was charged before you for failing to give notice that a cow was suffering from tuberculosis.

The veterinary inspector to the County Council said that it was a glaring case. The mayor said they did not accept the plea of ignorance. The fact was that milk from this cow had been sent out.

And in the end you imposed a fine of £2, with £1 costs! A most glaring case.

Do you know that every year there are 2,000 deaths, mostly of children, caused by drinking milk from tubercular cows? You know now, and remember that most glaring fact in future.

JOHN BULL.

The Rev. M'INTOSH MOWAT,
Dundee

DEAR SIR,—It is hard to believe that you really uttered the words credited to you on the influenza epidemic which is happily dying down.

You are reported to have said that "these influenza scourges often appeared when humanity was on the high road of alienation from God, which might well be the case to-day."

Perhaps when we have all responded to the recall to religion there will be no more scourges.

Really, Mr. M'Intosh, your views are more suited to 1837 than 1937. Divine vengeance and hell-fire went out with radio, and you can't bring them back.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. F. W. GREEN,
Coroner of Dudley

DEAR SIR,—I endorse your remarks at the inquest on Arthur Sargent, of Sedgely, who died following injuries received in an explosion at a power substation where he was the only person on duty for more than twelve hours.

The jury declared that there should be at least two men on duty during the night. I agree, for when there is only one man he might be helpless in an emergency.

You also suggested remote control switches to safeguard the man in control. I also agree, and hope your recommendation will be carried into effect.

JOHN BULL.

Sir JOHN SIMON,
Home Secretary

DEAR SIR,—You must do something at once to stop the sale of highly inflammable films for toy cinemas. There is a big loophole in the Cinematograph Act, which should deal with the matter, but unfortunately it does not deal with private houses. Because of this, two Coalville (Leicester) boys were fatally burned in their home while playing with one of these films.

Ban the sale of death-dealing films to children. There are safe films for toy and home cinemas. Make their use compulsory.

JOHN BULL.

Captain CROOKSHANK,
Minister of Mines

DEAR SIR,—I hope you will not allow the owners of coal royalties to bluff you into granting their demands for excessive sums to buy them out and so lift a burden from the neck of the industry.

First they asked for £150,000,000. Now they are reported to have come down to £125,000,000, which is still far too much.

The nation will stand by you if you stand up to these interests, but they will not tolerate surrender when the sum involved may be £100,000,000.

A great deal of reform depends on the question of royalties. On it hangs the fate of thousands of jobs.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. LEONARD JOHNSON,
Chief Constable of Boston

DEAR SIR,—Every motorist and lover of justice in the land will be glad when they learn that you failed, and failed rightly, in your action against a decision of the Appeal Committee of Holland Quarter Sessions.

This committee refused your request that a case should be stated when a motorist won his appeal, with costs, against a conviction by the Boston Justices.

You wished to have a case stated so that the matter could be challenged by you in the High Court. The Appeals Committee of Holland Quarter Sessions refused on the ground that there was only a question of fact and not one of law involved.

* * *

You then obtained a Rule calling on the committee to show why they should not state a case. The comments of the King's Bench Division judges are illuminating.

Said Lord Hewart, the Lord Chief Justice: It seems as if the contention is that the justices must convict the motorist.

Mr. Justice Goddard declared that would be persecution, not prosecution.

Mr. Justice Swift said he wanted to emphasise that the rule under discussion should never have been brought.

There was, he added, a growing tendency on the part of the police to bring charges and come in conflict with the magistrates who decided against them, and to bring them to the High Court on some pretended point of law.

* * *

I hope you and all police chiefs concerned will remember Mr. Justice Goddard's words. He said that this looked like an attempt to try to get the appeal committee at the quarter sessions scolded or put right because they had the temerity not to accept the evidence of the Chief Constable of Boston.

I endorse every word uttered in this case, and hope that the tendency checked by the court will never be allowed to recur.

JOHN BULL.

HENRY VIII IN THE WITNESS BOX

By A Very Special Investigator

WHO should I meet in the Divorce Court, the other day, but Henry the Eighth—portly, dissolute-looking, and carrying under his arm the latest best-seller by that prominent literary bachelor, Mr. Randolph Murgatroyd, "How to be Happy though Married."

"What are *you* doing here?" I asked.

"Well," he said, in a stage whisper, "I'm not really due till 1947. I died, if you remember, on January 28, 1547, and I always come back every 100 years. But this Divorce Reform Bill of A. P. Herbert's interested me so much that I've come back ten years earlier. I hope nobody'll notice. . . ."

At this moment the icy, precise voice of a judge interrupted our whisperings.

"Who, pray," he enquired, "is this shady person?"

"Begging your pardon, m'lud," I said, "he's a ghost. He was the first divorce reformer. You may remember, m'lud," I added, 'he had six wives."

"I remember perfectly," the judge replied frostily. "A most regrettable case. Be so good," he added to Henry, "as to step into the witness-box."

"Well, fellow, what do you want?" said Henry, breezily, as the witness-stand creaked under his weight.

"I have a good mind to commit you for contempt of court. . . ."

"Oh, shucks," said Henry, quoting from the last film in which he appeared. "I always used to call *my* judges 'fellow.' They were *good* fellows, too. They did what I told 'em."

"Clearly," said the judge, "I must make allowance for your lack of familiarity with modern legal procedure. Judges to-day never do what anyone tells them. They just adjourn the hearing until the week after next. However, I understand your late majesty——"

"I'm not late—I'm ten years early. And, anyway, I've always been ahead of the times. Look how I brought the Church up to date."

"I was referring to your majesty's unfortunate demise. I understand that you entered into matrimony six times."

"Well, I wouldn't say 'entered.' I was passing, so I just dropped in. But I never outstayed my welcome. The Tudors were nothing if not gentlemen."

"Can you," enquired the judge, "give the court the names of your wives?"

"Well, first of all there was Catherine of Aragon. I divorced her for mental cruelty when she refused to become a nun. Then there was Anne——"

"Anne who?"

"Anna head cut off! The next one was Jane Seymour. I saw too *much* of *her*. Anne of Cleves, the next one, was terribly ugly. Could there be a better ground for divorce? Catherine Howard was, I regret to say, abandoned, so I abandoned *her*. A pity, for she had a nice-shaped head. Still it had to come off.

"Last of all," said Henry, with a sigh,

"came Catherine Parr. She was a success, I must admit, though for some reason I could never fathom, she always seemed a little frightened of me.

"Once I had to get very angry with her. She *would* argue about religion when I had the dropsy. I ask you, m'lud, is that wifely devotion? Still she was the only wife I ever had that survived me. . . ."

Just at this moment there was a dismal clanking of chains and a couple of ghostly warders came in.

"You thought you'd given us the slip again, didn't yer, Henry?" they cried, "but we've caught you. Now then, are yer coming quietly back to limbo?"

"Oh, m'lud, I appeal to you," said Henry piteously. "Pleat help me. All my wives are there—that is why I ran away. . . ."

But the judge did not reply, for Henry had disappeared. All that remained was a book on the edge of the witness-box. It was entitled, "How to be Happy though Married."

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NO JUSTICE FOR Darby And Joan

The tragedy of the aged people who are driven to pauperism can and must be ended

By A. G. Gardiner

MY subject this week comes from the able journalist whose duty it is to "read, mark and inwardly digest" the vast correspondence that flows like a torrent into the office of this paper.

"Cannot Mr. Gardiner devote one of his articles to the scandal of old age and widows' pensions?" he writes to the Editor. "The subject occupies a very large part of our postbag and the injustices are really pathetic."

Fortified with the evidence he supplies, I cheerfully accept the commission. I accept it all the more cheerfully because, when I undertook the editorship of a London morning paper thirty-five years ago, no subject occupied a larger place in the propaganda of that paper than the urgency of old age pensions.

Six years later the scheme came to birth in the third of Asquith's historic budgets.

It was carried in the teeth of fierce resistance, but who is there to-day who doubts its wisdom or its astonishing economic fruitfulness?

A LANDMARK

It was, and is, a landmark in our social history. Together with the health and unemployment insurance schemes which followed, it has enabled this country to weather the greatest storm in human history without a revolution or so much as a broken head.

We threw up these great breakwaters just in time. How much we owe to them we can realise from the tragedy of the United States, which, having none of these safeguards, was left naked to the full force of the hurricane and is still in the desperate plight so forcibly pictured in President Roosevelt's inaugural speech last week.

But the scheme established thirty years ago, and since amended in detail but not in principal, is no longer adequate for the conditions of to-day.

In the interval the war and the world economic convulsion following the war have made all pre-war values obsolete, and a drastic revision of the pension scheme in the light of the circumstances of to-day is due and overdue.

Let us look at some of the most glaring anomalies of the present system.

First, consider the scope and provisions of that system. There are, all told, 1,695,000 old age pensioners. That represents 80 per cent. of the total population over seventy years of age.

I would stress that percentage for a special reason. The application of a means test in the case of old age pensioners has always seemed to me unfortunate. It gives them that stamp of "poor relief" which was so hateful to the self-respecting poor under the old poor-law system. The result is that many of the most deserving and needy prefer their poverty to the public disclosure of it.

I think the fact of age should be a universal and sufficient qualification. It would not add seriously to the present percentage and it would remove entirely the sense of social humiliation.

Turn to the first category of pensions, that of old age (contributory). When a man reaches sixty-five he is awarded 10s. weekly in respect of the insurance he and his employers have paid throughout his working life.

But his wife, generally a few years younger than himself, does not qualify for pension until she, too, becomes sixty-five. It would be difficult enough for two people to exist on £1 a week: impossible on 10s.

OPEN THE DOOR

So the man continues working, with the result that he often gets no benefit at all. The evidence of the postbag goes to show that employers in ever-increasing numbers give their workers at sixty-five the alternative of quitting work or having the pension deducted from their wages.

Thus the contributory pension often becomes a subsidy to the private employer. It pays him to have elderly workers and exploit them.

In this case certain obvious reforms are called for. It should be a punishable offence for an employer to deduct the pension from the man's wage, and the wife should qualify for pension with her husband, irrespective of her age.

This would make possible the effective retirement from industry of men over sixty-five, and, by opening the door at the other end to the unemployed youth of the nation, would lessen the burden of unemployment benefit and public assistance costs.

This shifting of the stress of unemployment from the young to the aged would be a social and economic consequence of the highest value and would justify a revision both of the pensionable age and the scale of the pension.

In this contributory category the correspondence reveals another harsh grievance. It is that of the worker who chances to be unemployed when he reaches sixty-five.

He is then receiving from the insurance fund, to which he has contributed throughout his working life, unemployment benefit of 17s. for himself and 9s. for his wife.

This stops automatically at sixty-five. He must take the pension. So his 26s. income becomes 10s. unless his wife is as old as himself. Thus he is driven into the ranks of the paupers. This does not save us money. It only shifts the burden with the maximum of offensiveness.

Coming to the next category, old age (non-contributory) pensions at seventy, we are confronted with the means test in its most indefensible form. The poor little pension is hedged round with barbed wire restrictions. Help from relatives, pensions for other services, even free meals under the description of "Gifts of any kind," are taken into account.

STUPID ANOMALY

The third category, widows' pensions, is subject to the most stupid of all anomalies. Thus the wife of an insured man who died *before* January 4, 1926, is not entitled to widows' pension until she reaches the age of fifty-five if she has no children under the age of sixteen. If she has children under that age, then her pension stops until she becomes fifty-five as soon as they reach sixteen.

Yet the wife of an insured man who died at any time *after* January 4, 1926, receives her widow's pension whatever her age (even if she is only sixteen) and even if she has no children.

What is the sanctity about January 4, 1926, which justifies such fantastic discriminations?

Enough, I think, has been said to show that the case for a drastic revision of the pensions system is urgent. That system has stood the test of experience with extraordinary success. It has with unemployment insurance underpinned and stabilised the country in a period of unexampled stress. Its economic effect upon the national structure has, by universal consent, been beneficial. Its influence in allaying social unrest is undeniable.

All this is an encouragement to proceed further upon the same wise and constructive lines for combating poverty and building a just and secure society. The next step is due. And the party which makes the judicious expansion of the pension system its policy will carry the country with it.

Just a Human Story

SAID the chairman of the Public Assistance Committee to the white-haired old couple who had looked up appealingly at him: "The very idea of coming to us for help when you have a son and a parson son at that, who should help."

And judging by his silence in the minutes that followed, the old man set to thinking.

Well, we know what he thought. His wife described it the other day at a Means Test meeting at Cory Hall, Cardiff, with Mr. Aneurin Bevan, M.P., Mr. James Griffiths, M.P., and Mr. Arthur Horner, President of the South Wales Miners' Federation, listening deeply moved to her words. It began with that day, many years before, when they raced to the pit to tell him that it was a boy.

The sacrifices they made in that drab little mining cottage in the mining village of Rhondda Fach so that that son should have the books he craved. The iron determination of the husband that the boy should go to one of the colleges of the University of Wales.

Mother took in washing from the other cottages around. It meant hard, cracked hands, an ever-weary back, the hopeless feeling, at times, that the only thing to live for was to hear from their son's own lips that his great ambition had been realised, that he had become a minister of religion.

But her scrubbing, wringing and ironing also meant more shillings dropped into the little box that was going to do so much to bring that dream true.

And dad—well, he couldn't do much more than earn his money at the pit. Except give up his 'baccy and never, never touch a drop of beer. He made those sacrifices.

Ah, and it seemed worth it when the great news flashed to the little home that the boy has been successful, was the proud owner of two degrees, and was waiting for "the call."

Then the news that he had had "the call."

It was to a tiny little chapel. The stipend was miserably, hopelessly inadequate. Just enough to keep body and soul together and buy those books that had to be bought if he was to make further progress in his career. But it was a step in the right direction. A saga was moving towards its close.

Now it becomes more painful to recall the history of it all.

Dad's pit closed down. He plodded everywhere in search of work. Everywhere it was the same . . . too old . . . too old.

The boy felt the solution rested with him. He would have to study harder and still harder.

He would have to go hungry, if necessary, to buy the books and pay for the studies that might one day make all the difference.

Father looked so patched and shabby; mother so tired and beaten. Yes, the solution lay with him. More books, more studies, but from where?

* * *

Last memory of all of that poor old man, the memory of the biting need that drove him and his wife to apply for public assistance. "Just a little of our own money back, dear. It's not charity. It's not charity."

Their sitting together side by side before the Public Assistance Committee. The questions asked them, probing, inescapable.

The air of discovery with which news of the existence of their boy was greeted. They mustn't take money from him. If they did, it would mean no books, no studies. All the sacrifices that had brought them thus low would have been in vain.

The chairman of the Public Assistance Committee speaks. "The very idea . . . when you have a son . . . a parson son . . . who should help."

Why Blame the Stork?

TOO many mothers call themselves "modern" and yet refuse to face the facts of sex.

One of the earliest posers children set their parents is: "Where did I come from, Mummie?" And in nine cases out of ten mothers tell the old tale of the stork. Undoubtedly this attitude builds up a barrier between mother and child.

In the February issue of *Mother*, out to-morrow, this subject is faced fearlessly. Mothers will learn how to gain the confidence of their children, and every woman who takes her mission in life seriously should read this article. Do not fail to secure your copy.

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NEW ZEALAND'S VAST Experiment Succeeds

In this article the first Socialist Finance Minister in the British Empire who has had a majority at his back to implement his programme tells you the story of a tremendous achievement.

New Zealand's Labour Government has had a brilliant first year of office. Compared with conditions in Britain, Mr. Nash's record of things done seems almost too good to be true. But much the same could be done here, at home—except for rumours of war, hectic rearmament, and a Tory Government.

By The HON. WALTER NASH

New Zealand's Finance Minister

ONE year in the life of a nation is so little that it must be a remarkable one to excite universal curiosity and to give the country itself cause for unusual pride.

TWO months ago I came "home" to Great Britain—I am a Worcestershire man and have spent exactly one half of my fifty-four years of life here and the other half in New Zealand—on an economic mission for the mutual benefit of industry and the workers in both countries.

Since I arrived I have been asked many questions about New Zealand's first year of practical Socialism. The general interest in our effort has astonished me.

The widespread demand for exact information is only natural and justified because in the past twelve months New Zealand has had the first Socialist Government in full power—as distinct from being in office with a minority—in any part of the British Empire.

It commands a Parliamentary majority in the proportion of eleven to five and was elected on a short, definite and practical programme which has been translated virtually in its entirety into statutory form in the first session of the new Parliament.

The record of speedy achievement has been made possible only by the commonsense response of our people.

The inspiration of Labour politics in New Zealand is mainly Christian idealism. The impelling force of the majority of our people is a desire to see economic and social life so organised that everyone shall have the fullest opportunity to realise his or her potentialities, the first essential of which is a sure and adequate standard of existence.

Always the first question put to me since my arrival in Britain has been—"What did you begin with?"

Really, the question is superfluous. Of course we began with the unemployed. On the very day my colleagues and I were sworn in and received our seals of office it was announced that our first business would be to improve their lot.

We commenced by giving five weeks' pay to the unemployed as a special Christmas benefit and in the next three months all relief payments were increased. The latest revised weekly rates for men for whom work has not yet been provided are £1 per week for single men, 35s. for married men, plus 4s. for each dependent child.

[A married man with three children in Britain receives 35s.; in New Zealand, 47s.]

Concurrently—by vigorous public works activities, a shorter working week without reduction in earnings and other measures—the Government has promoted full-time work for one half of our somewhat appalling total of unemployed. A minimum wage of 16s. per day was fixed for men given employment on public works, but the average earnings have proved to be 17s. 3d. daily for a five-day week of forty hours.

Consistent with this principle of giving first attention to those who were suffering through no fault of their own, and at the same time of strengthening the purchasing ability of our people—which had been seriously damaged under the previous policy of unimaginative and false economy—we proceeded to restore and increase pensions.

Old-age pensions, payable to women at sixty and men at sixty-five years of age, were increased to 22s. 6d. immediately, so that all elderly people, if married, have a minimum income of 45s. weekly.

[In Britain the old-age pension rate is 10s., not payable to husband and wife until both reach sixty-five if the man is insured, and otherwise not until the age of seventy. A. G. Gardiner discusses the injustices of our pension system on page 17.]

Next, pensions for widows with dependent children were raised to £1 per week, with a further 10s. weekly for each child under fifteen.

[In Britain the widow of an insured worker received 10s. and 5s. for the first and 3s. for each other child under fourteen.]

Special interest has been roused by a provision we have introduced in our pensions laws granting on the same scale pensions to women and their children deserted by husbands who have gone beyond the reach of the court authorities. These women and their children are now classified for pension purposes as widows and orphans.

Pensions for miners suffering from phthisis and other diseases contracted in industry, soldiers' pensions and allowances to wives and children of deceased and disabled soldiers were restored. Also pensions at the rate of £1 per week, plus 10s. for a wife and 10s. for each child under sixteen, have been provided for all persons permanently incapacitated for employment.

Ordinary family allowances have also been fully restored. We now pay 2s. weekly for the third and each subsequent child to every mother having more than two children and a family income of less than £4 a week.

We proceeded next to deal with the employed sections of the community, our twofold object, which was speedily reached, being the bettering of labour conditions and the reduction of working time.

Compulsory arbitration in industrial disputes has been reinstated. This system, I should mention, had worked on the whole satisfactorily for thirty-five years until the anti-Labour Government five years ago destroyed it under the pretext of making wage rates more "elastic."

But restoration of the former system as it stood was not good enough. So new legislation requires the Arbitration Court to fix basic rates of wages at a level sufficient to enable an adult male worker to maintain a wife and three children in a fair and reasonable standard of comfort. The general basic wage has thus been fixed for the present at £3 16s. a week.

All workers who are subject to an arbitration award or an industrial agreement are required to be members of a trade union.

Then, breaking new ground for the whole world, we have introduced as widely as is immediately practicable a forty-hour five-day working week without loss of earnings.

Even when objections have been made and full evidence tendered by employers, no difficulty has been found by the Arbitration Court in deciding that industries generally can stand the forty-hour week.

Low prices in the depression years have had a devastating effect on New Zealand's economy and on the agricultural population in particular. We have now provided for the payment of a guaranteed price to dairy farmers—the price to remain stable for the whole year—and the industry is now organised on the assumption of ownership by the State of all dairy produce intended for export.

We have been able not only to prescribe details of minimum accommodation for farm workers, but have also fixed minimum wages for them ranging from 17s. 6d. per week for workers under seventeen to 42s. 6d. a week for those of twenty-one and over, increased by 17s. 6d. a week in cases where the workers are not provided with board and lodging by their employers. In addition, provision is made for four weeks' paid holidays yearly.

[In Britain the average wage of farm workers is 31s. 6d. without any holidays.]

In accordance with the view that those engaged in the reorganisation of a country's economic structure must have control of its currency and credit system, the Reserve Bank of New Zealand has been made an entirely State institution. In purchasing the privately owned shares the Government paid the market price at the time of the General Election.

As Minister of Finance, I now also have direct control over what is called the State Advances Corporation, which is empowered to make loans to industry and to be a shareholder therein, and to lend to local authorities and private individuals for housing and other purposes.

It has been moulded into an instrument of true social and economic development instead of one to promote speculation based on cheap finance.

"What is all this kind of thing costing you?" is a question that is reasonably asked about our adventure in Socialism. Well, our programme has not involved any public borrowing and only minor increases in taxation. It has been made possible mainly by the increased revenue from the stimulation of economic activity and from the competent reorganisation and better use of existing resources.

Nor has the cost of living increased out of proportion. All in all, the difference between living costs in New Zealand and Britain is negligible.

Having taken the steps I have mentioned and others—planning external trade and fully controlling transport, housing, rents, public works and the like—to increase the purchasing ability of our people, we took the precaution, of course, to establish safeguards against exploitation and the danger of the gains intended to be conferred being nullified by price increases and profiteering.

Our task is by no means complete. This year our programme includes comprehensive plans for superior health and unemployment insurance schemes and national superannuation schemes to cover every citizen, as well as the recasting of the educational system and the better care of children.

Our early and quick performances seem to have caused surprise in this country. But we have only laid the foundations in our first year of Socialism. We are only at the beginning of building that better order of progress and security which man's industry and science make abundantly possible.

A cup of cocoa is a cup of FOOD

The treat of the moment is 'Cocoa Whisk,' a delicious new drink made with 'Bournville.' See directions for making on the tin.

'That's right, give her plenty of Bournville Cocoa. It's been the making of her. There must be a lot of goodness in it to give her those rosy cheeks.'

There *is* a lot of goodness in Bournville Cocoa. Doctors will tell you it is a valuable food. It is rich in minerals—minerals that children must have if they're to build up sturdy constitutions. There's calcium and phosphorus to make sound bones and teeth, good muscles and healthy nerves; potassium, magnesium and, above all, iron. Give your children Bournville Cocoa regularly—they love its 'chocolaty' flavour—and made with milk it is 45% more nourishing than milk alone.

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SMASHES COLDS IN ONE NIGHT

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Dear Sir,

I am a lorry driver and I am out in all weathers and it does not take long to get a cold, but as soon as I feel a cold coming I drop back on a glass of hot lemon and three 'ASPRO' tablets and I find, by the morning, I am my old self again.—Yours faithfully, G. RAY.

'FLU OUTED IN ONE NIGHT

19 Wilson Street, Chorlton-on-Medlock, Manchester.

Gentlemen,

I was lying in bed this week ABSOLUTELY HELPLESS WITH THE 'FLU, as people who know me can well prove, and I have to go out in all sorts of weather to eke out a living. I sent my wife for a packet of 'ASPRO.' I took two tablets, got a good night's rest and was out next day pulling a handcart all over Manchester.

I think they are a God-send to all sufferers.—I am, Yours obediently, WILLIAM HENDERSON.

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Two 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water make an excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsilitis, and act as a deterrent.

'ASPRO' is one of the best Acetylsalicylic [illegible] that has been known to Science and [illegible] are based on superiority.

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SCANDALS IN THE NEWS

Here are five scandals taken from the life of the nation—each is important in its own way. Soon you will hear more about them.

These scandals cover work, sport and politics, and touch every phase of daily life.

Dragooning The Boys

BEFORE long a mine will be sprung in Parliament. Angry Members are fixing it to explode under the Front Bench seat of Mr. Ernest Brown, the Minister of Labour.

You won't have read about the reason for the annoyance of the M.P.s in any newspaper. They have been getting the facts by letter from constituents, and the information has come in sheaves from every quarter of the country.

Mr. Brown's Department is becoming the worst of the Whitehall bureaucracies. His officials are emerging as dictators over the lives of a million and a half young people between the ages of fourteen and eighteen.

The only result of the ramp in progress—apart from the cruel consequences to the parents and homes of these juveniles—will be promotions and the creation of new posts in the Labour Ministry service.

Mr. E. Brown Storm For Him

For years the Ministry has played with a scheme to open what are supposed to be training centres in every area of Britain at which attendance by young people who are out of work or in part-time work can be made compulsory.

The idea has not been carried to any great length until now. Parents resisted, first, for the reason that while attending these places their children could not look for openings to begin careers, and secondly, because it soon became known that the "training" given at the existing centres was often ludicrous and worthless, and the discipline was bad.

* * *

Now Mr. Brown has applied the whip. An order has gone out that parents who dare to resist must be prosecuted.

The campaign to filch from parents the authority over their children was begun the other day at Bishop Auckland, where a Mr. Robert March was convicted and fined twenty shillings.

How far officialdom has run amok can be judged from a case at Spennymoor.

Here a father who was unemployed and under the Means Test wished to become independent of public funds. He acquired ground and grew vegetables, and flowers, and also went in for poultry rearing.

Orders came in freely but the business could not be developed without assistance in the work of cultivation and delivery. He employed his young son, therefore, when he left school.

But, he has been told, he must do nothing of the kind. The boy has to attend a training centre or the father will appear in the dock.

So the parent must relinquish his enterprise and independence and go back on the Means Test.

The limit of official lunacy appears to have been reached. If Mr. Brown defends this, he will defend anything.

The Coronation canopy being embroidered at the Royal School of Art Needlework. Pity that all decorations are not made under such ideal conditions

CORONATION SWEATING

ALMOST daily in the newspapers photographs are now appearing of the work going on in connection with the decoration of Britain for the Coronation festivities.

Never has there been such exploitation of women's labour as is happening in connection with the provision being made for public display of bunting.

Unfortunately, a great amount of the work entailed has been allowed to fall into the hands of alien employers in the large cities, who are out to undercut their British trade rivals.

Large announcements have been appearing in the provincial newspapers by syndicates of these firms offering plentiful employment to semptresses.

When the women call to obtain particulars they find that the terms are 1s. 3d. for hemming a gross of large Coronation flags—a penny for ten flags.

In addition, they are required to do the work at their homes, provide their own machines and cotton and bear the cost of travelling to and from the depots and factories for the collection of material and delivery.

Tens of thousands of women are also employed in their houses weather-proofing the decorations. They are supplied with bales of coloured cloth and pots of sticky liquid, and are paid about a penny for every hundred square yards of material they coat. Hard workers can earn about a shilling a day.

TOO-ZEALOUS POLICEMEN

ATTENTION will be raised in Parliament before long to that controversial question—the relationship between police and public.

For evidence is growing up that police methods are open to criticism.

Generally throughout the country there is too great a tendency to make charges against individuals of being "suspected persons." It is the kind of umbrella charge which is open to all manner of abuse.

Moreover—apart from actual arrests—there is a growing tendency once again for police to overstep the line proper in making enquiries.

A remarkable instance of this was recently submitted to the Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police.

The complainant—a retired doctor, living in Belgravia—acted for his wife.

Owing to heavy financial losses, the wife was working as a dressmaker visiting the houses of her clients.

It so happened that at one house where the woman was following her occupation certain articles of jewellery were missed. The police were called in and the doctor's wife became suspect.

Police visited her in her home. She and her husband gave the officers every possible assistance, even to the request that the rooms should be searched.

At a later stage an arrangement was made for the woman to call at the house of her employer.

* * *

When she went there alone, expecting of course to meet the woman for whom she worked, she was met by the two police officers.

They put her through a form of interrogation which was—in her view—offensive and suggestive.

Statements such as this were made: "If you had anything to do with this matter now is the time to say it." "We all have our weak moments." "We knew you were going out of London to a relative, but we did not call there, *in order to spare you.*" "Finger prints have been found on the trinket box and the jewellery was missed soon after you left here."

And there was also the hint the woman would have to submit to her own finger impressions being taken.

In the letter of protest sent by the doctor to the Commissioner at Scotland Yard, this information was given:

"My wife came home in tears and on the verge of collapse, convinced that she was going to be arrested for a crime she had never committed.

"I would point out that the whole proceeding amounts to this—that having got her to the house alone by a trick, they suggested to her as plainly as possible that it was obvious she was the thief, and had better confess to save trouble."

There was a sequel to this strongly worded complaint. Two other police officers called on the doctor and his wife. They expressed regret at the "disagreeable experience," and hoped she would soon forget all about it.

Sir Philip Game Ought To Act

More significant than anything else, however, was the declaration made to the doctor that "police officers are justified in asking leading questions and making suggestions to suspected persons in the course of their enquiries."

That, of course, is entirely wrong. The officers were not entitled to treat the woman as they did, or to imply her guilt by any kind of suggestion.

This case of the doctor's wife is important because it is symptomatic. It illustrates the reading which some police officers give to their powers. Sir Philip Game, as Commissioner of Police for the Metropolis, ought to halt the zeal of his officers. Otherwise the present cordial relations of police and public will quickly vanish.

Soccer 'Phone Leakages

AT least two—possibly more—League Football Club managers are taking up, with the chiefs of the telephone service in their home towns, what they regard as serious leakage of information following telephone conversations.

Recently there was a trunk call between London and a provincial town in the course of which two managers discussed for the first time, the possibility of what would be one of the most important football transfers of the season.

In little more than an hour the vital points in this conversation were printed in one of the provincial town's evening newspapers and on sale in the streets.

Neither manager had left his office in the interval between the telephone talk and the appearance of the newspaper. Each took steps to satisfy himself that there was no possibility of leakage from anybody in the two clubs' employment.

The publication of this private conversation caused endless trouble and concern.

The provincial manager is convinced that the leakage came from the telephone department and has satisfied himself, as the result of enquiries, that there are similar grounds for suspicion in other towns.

He has also discovered that, after enquiries lasting six months, a similar leakage has been brought home to a telephone employee in Lancashire, and that disciplinary action was taken by the Post Office. The employee lost seniority, and had a consequent reduction in salary.

The manager concerned is asking all other League club managers to give him any evidence of similar occurrences. He feels that there may be good cause to approach the Postmaster-General and demand a full enquiry.

★ *Politics And You*

BOYS ARE CHEAPER

THE House of Commons has approved a one-clause Bill to stop boys working in mines between ten at night and five in the morning.

Without debate the Bill has gone to a Standing Committee for consideration and report. In the past many good Bills have travelled this road and never been heard of again. The chances are that unless Mr. Secretary for Mines, Harry Comfort Crookshank, takes the little fellow to his bosom it, too, will join them in limbo.

Half a loaf is better than no bread. So the thirty-odd miners' members, all of whom have worked in the mine, support this reform. What they really want, however, is an Act to prevent owners sending lads under sixteen down the pit at all. About 18,000 go down at present.

Mining is a dangerous occupation—kills nearly 1,000 yearly, maims another 130,000 and pays niggardly for the privilege. Boys share the hazards with, but are much cheaper than, adults. Take a terrific risk for little money almost before they've begun to live. Many tales are told of lads killed their first time down.

Things have, of course, improved. Less than a century ago boys *and* girls from the age of five were habitually employed in mines—either as trappers, sitting by themselves in the dark for twelve hours on end, or as human horses, dragging the trucks along the low galleries.

Yes, things *have* improved. But Mr. Secretary Crookshank could, if he would, carry the struggle for complete emancipation another stage forward. JOHN BULL urges him to do so.

If he will make the cause of these youngsters his own, thousands of gallant mothers in the mining villages of this country would say his parents were prophetic when they gave him his second name.

Britain's War Men

SAN

The volcano is rumbling, and Britain is taking no chances. Here are British sailors in the East with arms for a fleet of armoured cars. Left is Ibn Saud, who would like a United States of Arabia to rule over; and the Emir of Transjordan—seen starting a race at Brooklands—who wants Britain to give him a "nice" kingdom.

SAND that sops up blood and gold: conspiracy in a dozen cities: the surge of new nations: the embitterment of ancient races: spies, sheikhs, soldiers, fanatics.

All these colourful things underlie the hotch-potch of problems that we label the Near East Question. A dull label, perhaps, for an exciting volume: for so expensive, so dangerous, and so urgent a problem.

Expensive? Yes.

Last year's Arab-Jew disturbances cost Palestine two and a quarter million pounds sterling. Roughly, almost as much, say, as local government expenditure on maternity and infant welfare in England and Wales.

Dangerous? Yes.

The volcano is already rumbling: at any moment it may be in eruption. Anywhere in that strange land we call Arabia, which is as large in area as all Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Poland and Bulgaria, and yet has only a population three-quarters that of London.

From Transjordan at its top to the evil little kingdom of the Yemen at its base, where the dishonoured reign of a sinister old man is drawing toward a stormy close. . . .

Anywhere, too, in the adjoining lands. French-mandated Syria: the blob on the frontier of a diminished Turkey where Kemal "the Victorious" is creating a fuss about the minorities of his people in Antioch and Alexandretta: in Iraq, and in Palestine.

Urgent? Yes. Very Urgent.

And especially in Palestine, where it may cost the British taxpayer—that means you—money, and the blood of our young men.

Make no mistake about it. Trouble is coming pretty fast. Military experts prophesy that we shall be involved in a campaign of some sort in the Holy Land this year.

Probably when the Royal Commission, which has just finished its enquiries on the spot by taking evidence from the Arab leaders, makes its report public.

It is known now that plans have already been drawn up for an Arab campaign, in which the Palestinian Arab will be supported by his brothers from all parts of that tilted, irregular oblong we call Arabia.

Even at the present moment, according to those best qualified to speak about it, half a dozen really good agents, with plenty of cash and the means of supplying arms, could bring about a rising that would involve in one way or another the whole vast area from the orange groves of the Mediterranean coast to the sunbaked strongholds on the blistered shores of the Persian Gulf.

The Government and the War Office know this all very well.

That's why Lieutenant-General J. G. Dill, D.S.O., the Army's greatest War Brain, was sent out in command. JOHN BULL asked the War Office for the whereabouts of War Brain.

War Office replied that he was still out East, but they were unable to say exactly where, for publication.

Air Brains, Too

So you may take it that War Brain is speirin' round. Is studying the lay of the land. Absorbing all the facts which he can get on the spot, so that he has them at his finger-tips if, and when, something breaks loose. That's undoubtedly what War Brain is doing.

And, because of this problem and the others linked to it which are even graver, other brains are busy, too. Air Brains.

They have decided to make Cyprus a great air centre. A very great air centre. Look at the map, and you'll see why that romantic island can be so important if there's trouble *of any sort* in the more distant waters of the Mediterranean.

Plans are being completed for a quarter-of-a-million-pound aerodrome, in which the 'planes will be tucked up in bed underground—like rabbits popping down their burrows. For an increase of the garrison. For the building of new barracks.

And that's why an Air Chief Marshal and a dapper Under-Secretary for Air were snooping about the island recently.

What Started It All?

Well, we know that the Arab in Palestine has been objecting—and very vigorously, too, with machine-guns and riot—to the return of the Jew to the old home of his race. But the root of the thing goes much deeper than that—deeper than just local dislike and disgruntlement. It springs from the new spirit that has been growing in the East—from Pan-Arab sentiment. Which is a portmanteau way of saying that the cry is: "Arabia for the Arabs"—just as their neighbours cried out "Egypt for the Egyptians" a few years ago—and that the aim is the linking up in a solid confederacy of all the Arab peoples, whether independent or under protection.

Bespectacled Ibn Saud, King of puritanical Saudi-Arabia, is a practical adherent of this policy. He knows that he would dominate a United States of Arabia; he is a capable ruler; a born soldier; a first-rate diplomat.

He threw King Hussein of the Hejaz off his throne in 1925, and swallowed up his monarchy; but that didn't prevent Hussein's grandson, young Ghazi, King of Iraq, signing a treaty of alliance, "Moslem friendship and Arab brotherhood," with him last year. Nor did it prevent Hussein's son, the Emir Abdullah, who rules Transjordan by grace of Britain, from making a pact of friendship and "Good Neighbourliness" with his father's enemy, "In the name of God, the Compassionate, the Merciful."

Less than three years ago, Ibn Saud—he's tall and bearded and strong, and a great and simple prince, like the kings in legend—gave a sound hiding to the bad old ruler of the Yemen, whose idea of government may be judged from the fact that a short time ago he had no fewer than four thousand hostages in his keeping for the good behaviour of his subjects.

Well, Ibn Saud beat him badly, treated him generously, and then joined him in a treaty aimed to "promote the unity of the Moslem Arab nation, to raise its prestige, and enhance its dignity and independence."

More than this, even.

Only a short time ago Ibn Saud made friends again with Egypt after a quarrel that has lasted ten years. A quarrel which started—of all things in the world—about a brass band that played military music in a religious procession.

Anyhow, the faults of the band have been forgotten and forgiven, a treaty of friendship signed, and all is in trim for what the old-fashioned diplomatic chroniclers called a *rapprochement*.

Add that all up for yourself. Then take the Emir of Transjordan. He's got a pretty poor stony sort of realm compared with Palestine, of which his country is geographically and racially part, and a population not as big as that of Hull.

If report is to be believed, he's been urging for some time that Britain should make him a nice new kingdom—something like Iraq—by the addition to his territory of several purely Arab provinces from Palestine. The remainder of the Holy Land to become a British Dominion, with the exception of Jerusalem, which would, in view of its exceptional religious significance, be internationalised.

Palestine, at any rate, is the focus of trouble; there's no question about that; all owing to Arab fears that their national aspirations will be

"Out East"—where Britain has its Big Eyes and Big Brains, watching and planning.

In The East

D-GOLD-BLOOD And Big Brain

upset by increasing Jewish immigration. It may start with a riot, or massacre. Or with a raid from over the border.

During last year's upset it was stated that an irregular army of no fewer than one hundred and twenty thousand men was standing by, ready to fight for Arab independence! Not necessarily with the support or approval of their rulers, but probably with their cognisance and sympathy.

The truth is that the present situation has blown up because we did not treat the business seriously enough last time.

Patrols Shot At

We thought that, if things came to the stage of a pitched battle in Palestine, the Arab kingdoms might rise in a great wave and overrun the whole of the Holy Land and Syria. But actually the Arabs were not ready then for anything on such a scale; nor are they now. They were all very impressed when the transports were sighted off Haifa, and by the pageant of disembarking soldiery. "Oh, we shan't *play* now!" said one important member of the rebels' inner council quite seriously.

But nothing happened. Nothing went on happening. They became contemptuous. They began to laugh at their fears. Although there were thousands of troops in Nablus, snipers amused themselves shooting at the patrols. Eventually came down and shot up a bathing party on the beach.

In the result the Arabs are getting now into a dangerous frame of mind, and may shortly become unrestrainable. Duped by their own Oriental failing of exaggeration—and, possibly, by subtle propaganda spread by other interested parties.

Other parties!

Italy is very interested in Syria and Palestine, and in Arabia. Very. For instance, there is no direct mail service to the Holy Land—or Cyprus for that matter, except by Italian steamship service.

In certain districts her influence is growing greatly at the expense of ours, largely through the native Press. Until two or three months ago, her radio station at Bari was broadcasting "prejudiced news" in English and Arabic, and it is very strongly suspected that at the height of the trouble in Palestine she was finding the large and mysterious funds which were at the disposal of the Arab leaders.

But while Italian propaganda carefully wrapped up may be of considerable annoyance to us, it is questionable whether it has done Mussolini any political benefit. Italy is suspect by the people who count. Suspect by Ibn Saud.

Because there are the gravest suspicions that the agents of the unreliable Mr. Mussolini stirred up the King of the Yemen to defiance and war against his neighbour, with the object of exploiting his success.

Unfortunately for the fat-jowled dictator's dreams of Arabian empire, the Yemenites had no success, and the loan of Italian officers and the supply of Italian guns was just so much dead loss.

Still, Mussolini is a Trier.

Having slipped up in 1934, he has got busy again recently. He is more than ever interested in the Yemen now, since he stole Abyssinia and made his little king a glamorous Roman emperor—of some six million blacks. He feels things would be much safer for him if he had a dominating position on the Red Sea. He didn't like that talk of closing the Suez Canal during the worst days of the tension last year.

It reminded him that Britain controlled both ends of the Red Sea. If he had the Yemen—just across the Red Sea from his new Empire—Ah!

So now his agents are believed to be busy stirring up a nice civil war—a fratricidal war. By setting the old and bad king's sons one against the other. A pretty thing, international politics in the East, don't you think? The first round ended last month with four of the princes being jailed in some grim old castle by papa.

Lashings of arms are being provided, so that when the outbreak comes in earnest it will be splendidly murderous and bloody, and it will be really necessary in the interests of humanity to send Italian troops across from Eritrea to stop the slaughter.

Incidentally, the Duce is supposed to be poaching on Ibn Saud's preserves in another direction. He is said to be trying to wangle a port out of an independent Beduin tribe, on the other side of the British stronghold of Aden, on the Arabian Sea.

Ibn Saud wants no further complications with foreign Powers within his spheres of influence. Can you be surprised if he looks on the Grand Cham of Italy with profound suspicion.

Egypt Suspects Him. Too.

They don't like the sound of his jingo imperialism. Feel better when they know that they have the solid might of Britain behind them, expressed in the terms of long grey ships slipping quietly to anchor in their harbourages and the droning of great 'planes high up in the scintillating haze of the Egyptian sky.

Gen. Dill, "Big Brain," now in the East, leaving for a flight to see "how the land lies."

They don't even like him as a neighbour—just along the golden beaches of the Mediterranean, and, again, in control of the far-away source of the Blue Nile. They are far from being anti-British nowadays. Even the considerable Italian population in the land of the Pharaohs is by no means solidly pro-Fascist.

They couldn't find enough Blackshirt enthusiasts to go spontaneously and cheer the transports bound down the Suez Canal for the Abyssinian massacre, to make a really good show. They had to get up free excursions in order to attract what theatre-managers call a *claque*. Just too bad, wasn't it?

The Dilemma

So you see that, serious as is the prospect before us, yet there are restraining influences at work. That there are people who realise the difficulty in which we find ourselves between Jewish aspirations and Arab ambitions, and, while sympathising with their co-religionists, are well aware that their own security is bound up with Britain.

There is someone else as well who must be busy striking a balance between his fears of Italy and the advantages to him of grave trouble between ourselves and the Arab. Mustafa Kemal, the Turkish overlord.

He was very frightened by the threat of the establishment of a Roman Empire in the Mediterranean. Quite rightly. So he hastened to develop an entente with Britain. An entente which has worried Germany almost as much as it has annoyed Italy, because it has affected their great trade drive.

But then, anyway, the Germans have not always been very clever with their customers: have annoyed them. For instance, Kemal got bitten over a barter deal when he swapped produce for a number of oil-crushing machines which he ultimately found to be greatly in excess of any possible requirements.

Again the Germans dumped thousands of sewing-machines in one Levantine district, in exchange for commodities, to the tune of four times the annual demand of the area. With the result that there was an enormous slump in price, and machines were selling in the bazaars for six shillings! Not good publicity.

Fascist Intrigue

Be that as it may, there are strong suspicions that Germany and Italy have not been above fomenting trouble in Syria with the object of distracting French attention during the rumpus about volunteers in Spain. Not a difficult thing to do. And Kemal is interested, very interested, in the fate of that little blob of Turkish population in the topmost corner of the French-mandated territory.

It's been suggested, in fact, that Turkey showed very practical sympathy for the elements who recently made trouble for the French in Antioch and Alexandretta. Anyhow fourteen gentlemen bolted into Turkey, were "wanted" for extraditable offences, but couldn't—officially—be found.

Kemal is an Ambitious Man.

Don't forget he's called The Victorious. He gave the Greeks a terrific beating in 1922, when he wrested back Smyrna from them with fire and sword, hideous rapine and massacre. He's got ideas of expansion: would like to recover some more of the territories lost in 1914-1918: hasn't forgotten even that war-time allies talked gaily about a nice piece of the Caucasus for a good Turkey.

He's not on the best terms with the Arabs—never has been since he made his subjects knock off their fezzes; although nowadays he has moderated his rules sufficiently to turn a blind eye when the more obstinate among them sew their banned headgear inside their soft hats.

Waiting . .

Now he's worried about the fate of the Turkish blob when the Arab States of Syria and Lebanon become independent in the year after next.

He may have reason.

It he doesn't get what he wants from France and the League, and big trouble broke out in Palestine, with inevitable repercussions in Syria, it is just possible that he might think that there was his golden opportunity.

Oh Yes, the Volcano is Sizzling.

We know it. The world knows it. Germany and Italy know it; although it would not suit their book for an Arab rising to take place at the moment. It's a valuable card up their sleeve to be played when, for other reasons, they want us to be involved in trouble and our attention distracted.

And that's not just now. The Nazis did very little propaganda, even, during last year's rebellion. What they did was half-hearted, and not anti-British at all, but aimed to make things as uncomfortable for the Jews as possible. The time wasn't ripe to annoy us.

Well, there you are. The volcano is rumbling. Sand and desert are waiting to soak up blood and gold. Somewhere behind the scenes is the pageant of dictators and sheikhs, religious fanatics and soldiers and spies. And Big Brain.

And Big Brain.

Somewhere out East. Meditating. Noting. Planning. Against the fatal day.

Continuing FRONT PAGE NEWS—By STANLEY BISHOP

Trouble in the British Navy! Unbelievable, but for 48 exciting, unforgettable hours it was quite true

Mutiny IN THE BRITISH NAVY

ON the morning of Wednesday, September 16, 1931, England and the world learned that trouble was alive in the British Navy.

It was the first real intimation of the "Invergordon Mutiny"; the refusal of the men of the Atlantic Fleet to obey orders and to take their ships to sea for the autumn exercises.

Actually the news broke to a limited extent the night before, when a Glasgow evening paper carried a message from its local correspondent giving a bare indication of unrest in the Fleet.

That night was one of consternation and excitement in every London newspaper office. Reports from Scotland were fragmentary and contradictory. Everyone felt the news was just too bad to be true. What kind of story could be used?

How much could be wisely printed for the information of the public?

Finally the Admiralty issued a statement to the effect:

"The Senior Officer, Atlantic Fleet, has reported that the promulgation of reduced rates of naval pay has led to unrest among a proportion of the lower ratings.

"In consequence of this he has deemed it advisable to suspend the programme of exercises of the Fleet and to recall the ships to harbour while investigations are being made into representations of the hardships occasioned by certain of the cuts in pay——"

And there was the addition that "their Lordships of the Admiralty" had approved the suspension of the exercises.

So it was true. That carefully phrased pronouncement of the Board of Admiralty—flashed to the newspapers of every country—was the official screen to a Navy revolt.

Unaccountable things must have happened far North on Cromarty Firth for the Admiralty to make such an announcement.

My orders from the editor were to leave at once for Invergordon. Just time to book a sleeper on the night train from King's Cross, draw money and away to the station.

A score of other newspaper men and photographers were on the train, with the result that much of the journey was spent in speculative discussion. I know that we were all more than a little worried as to what we should find when we reached journey's end.

I count the experiences of the next day at Invergordon as among the most interesting of my life as a reporter. For I learned facts and witnessed events which were staggering to anyone who—as a newspaper man must from his contacts and knowledge—accepts the British Navy as a kind of unshakable foundation to the nation.

Within a short space we secured reliable information as to the start of the mutiny. For it was a mutiny, although, by request of the Admiralty, the newspapers refrained from using that ominous word.

On the previous Sunday the lower deck ratings realised the full significance of the pay cuts to be enforced upon them. During shore leave that afternoon, when the port watch from the Fleet was in Invergordon a spontaneous, unarranged meeting developed in the chief canteen hall.

Speeches were made. Messengers were sent into the town to bring in other men, and there was a larger gathering in the sports park.

Resentment against the pay economies was so great that the men, without much hesitancy, decided on a "stay-in strike." They agreed that subject to the co-operation of the starboard watch they would not permit the Fleet to proceed out of harbour.

The strike idea was adopted in preference to another suggestion that the men should remain ashore and refuse to go back to their ships.

The argument against staying ashore as a protest was that so long as they went aboard they would have somewhere to sleep and plenty to eat. Whereas ashore the men would be stranded and on their own resources, and there would be difficulty in preventing breaking away by the faint hearts.

Without doubt, the report of a speech said to have been made by a senior officer in one of the warships in explaining the pay cuts had an adverse effect on the men and caused considerable indignation.

It was alleged this officer told his men that, while he sympathised with the ratings who would be most heavily hit, there was nothing for it but to accept the situation in the right spirit. If the worst came to the worst, their wives "would have to do a bit of earning."

Here, declared certain ringleaders of the men, was a suggestion that their wives should earn money in an undesirable way. In the bluntest language a description was given of what the women would have to do to keep their homes above their heads.

Of course, no such implication was intended by the officer in his address. His idea that a wife in circumstances of hardship might find some useful means of adding to the family income was meant quite helpfully.

All the same, the notion became fixed that because of the pay cuts wives and daughters of sailors in the British Navy would be driven into immorality.

Indeed, a round robin to "My Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty," which was extensively signed in several ships, emphasised that point of view.

"It is evident," this document stated, "that this cut is the forerunner of tragedy, misery and immorality amongst the families of the lower deck, and unless a guaranteed written agreement is received from the Admiralty and confirmed by Parliament stating that our pay will be revised we are still to remain as one unit refusing to serve under the new rate of pay, although the men are quite agreeable to accepting a cut which they consider within reason."

By such accident was the feeling of gross injustice fomented among the men.

The outbreak of indiscipline was in the first instance quite uncontrolled, the natural expression of a large body of men against an intolerable grievance.

But later there was calculated direction from individuals whose inspiration came undoubtedly from outside political sources. These individuals took advantage of the opportunity to disorganise completely the Atlantic Fleet.

When the starboard watch was ashore on the Monday other meetings were held. There was considerable disorder of an irresponsible nature. Damage was done to canteen and Government property.

Remarkable, however, that with the men in a condition of dangerous temper, not the slightest disrespect was shown to any officer. It was really a most polite mutiny, with the distinctions of rank observed punctiliously.

Now we reach Tuesday morning, and the dramatic climax. Signal was made from the flagship for the fleet to proceed to sea.

H.M.S. *Valiant* was head of the line at anchorage, nearest the sea opening of the Firth. *Valiant* was to lead the battle squadron away.

Order was given for anchor to be raised on *Valiant*, but nothing happened. Men of the watch on duty took no notice of their officers.

At that moment the whole of naval discipline bred and built through centuries collapsed!

It was the crucial moment. If the men of the battleship had carried on then the resistance to authority would have snapped. The whole fleet would have gone to sea, and the mutiny of

(Continued on page 26)

Are you denying your dog his winter coat?

It is part of Nature's plan that every winter your dog should grow a thicker coat to keep him warm and dry. But no dog can grow this *winter coat* without the nourishment of rich, pure blood. In his natural state your dog would keep his blood pure with certain wild grasses and herbage. But since he lives a domesticated life he has come to *you* for help. Give him Bob Martin's Condition Powders which contain the natural blood correctives every dog needs. By purifying his blood these famous powders will soon help him to grow a coat so thick and warm that he will *thoroughly enjoy* his winter.

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YOU can never feel charming or look smart with a shiny nose! So give your skin a lasting 'matt' finish with Snowfire Powder-Cream and look lovely all day and evening through. You'll save money and time spent on make-up too. There are Naturelle, Peach, Rachelle, Deep Rachelle, and Ivory shades.

Never have a shiny nose—use

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"I mean it's no use having a ten year guarantee if next year the firm that made your wringer has gone out of business. Now with my ACME I happen to know that they've been making wringers for 50 years or more. No wonder they're specially generous with their guarantee—they're so rarely called on to do anything about it! That's what comes of using British Steel and rustproof finishes. How our mothers ever got through wringing and mangling without rust-marking all the clothes *and* breaking their backs beats me . . . Rubber rollers? But of course—that's only one of ACME'S big secrets. The best way to find out is to come and look at it for yourself . . ."

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Not a spoilt child—but only a spoilt appetite

The tonic vitamin will give her a healthy appetite

She's not spoilt, even though she *is* difficult over her food. She just hasn't any *appetite*. And she won't have any appetite so long as her diet does not provide the essential supply of Tonic Vitamin B. Grown-ups and children alike need a constant supply of this precious Vitamin. Lack of it is a direct cause of nervousness, constipation and poor appetite. And they need it *every day*, for it cannot be stored in the system. There's no better nor more economical way of assuring a generous supply of Vitamin B than in delicious, creamy Quaker Oats—proved by scientists to contain it in substantial quantities.

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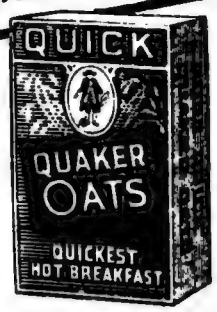

EXPERTS CHOSE QUAKER OATS FOR THE FAMOUS DIONNE "QUINS"

Even before they were twelve months old, those responsible for the very lives of the "Quins" relied on this ideal way of giving them that vital supply of Tonic Vitamin B. For just a few pence you can give your family the "Quins'" identical breakfast: identical because your Quaker and theirs comes from the same great Quaker Mills in Canada.

READ THEIR AMAZING STORY!

1 They are the first complete "set" of Quintuplets, in the history of the world, ever to live for more than an hour.

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4 The Dionne "Quins" were born 2 months before they were expected, and their total weight at birth was only 13 lbs. 6 ozs.

40 vitalising breakfasts for 8½d.

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Keeping Five healthy and happy on £2·10s. a week

"Getting the most good out of food the secret"

SAYS FINSBURY MOTHER

Mrs. Bramble tells how she budgets her money

"I'M luckier than a lot of women," says Mrs. Bramble, of Finsbury, London, E.C.4. "Dad's army pension covers all his personal expenses and that leaves me £2.10.0 clear to run the house, buy food, and keep the two children, Grandma and myself. Most weeks I can only allow about 24/- for food. That's nearly 5/- a head — not much to keep us all really well-nourished. It means I've always got to be thinking how we can get most good out of meals. That's where Rowntree's Cocoa is such a big help. Somehow I find we get more good from all our food when we have Rowntree's with it. Of course, there are lots of cheaper cocoas to buy, but Rowntree's helps to make every penny I spend on food go further. And that's real economy! We find Rowntree's is easier on the stomach than other kinds, too. A big point when you drink as much cocoa as we do."

MRS. BRAMBLE'S BUDGET

	£ s. d.
FOOD	1 4 0
RENT	11 0
COAL	3 0
INSURANCE	5 0
CLOTHING	3 0
GAS	2 6
SUNDRIES	1 6
TOTAL	£2 10 0

You're quite right about Rowntree's Cocoa, Mrs. Bramble! It does help your family get more good from all their meals.

Digestibility the secret!

A special predigestion process makes Rowntree's more digestible than other cocoas. **It is digestible, in fact, that it actually helps digest all food taken with it.** It even makes milk three times as digestible! With Rowntree's Cocoa, your family get more nourishment from every penny you spend on food. Ask your grocer for Rowntree's next time you're buying cocoa.

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One of hundreds of Free Gifts in exchange for Rowntree's Cocoa coupons. Send a postcard (postage 1d.) to Dept. CE26, Rowntree & Co. Ltd., The Cocoa Works, York, for Free Gift Booklet. Free Gift coupons in every tin.

Continuing—**Mutiny In The British Navy**

MESSAGE THAT WORKED A MIRACLE

Invergordon would have been a still-born effort.

With *Valiant* still at anchorage, the remaining ships of the fleet went "wild." The stay-in strike to prevent pay-cuts was accomplished.

That was the condition when the newspaper reporters from London reached Invergordon on the Wednesday morning: the fleet at anchorage in Cromarty Firth and "*nothing doing.*"

You wanted to rub your eyes at what was to be seen. A battle cruiser lying off the town pier with the foredeck overrun with cheering, singing and dancing men. The same thing occurring in the other ships. The wave of singing passing from ship to ship.

Meetings here and there on shipboard, with a speaker on a gun turret declaiming his denunciation of the Admiralty and winning a riot of exuberance from his listeners

And this was the British Navy.

No boats were coming into the piers. The ships of the fleet were separate from the land, each conducting its revolution in its own way.

Never was there any attempt in any ship to molest officers. There was no invasion of the quarter deck. But the men owned the ship—so far as effective control was concerned—and did what they liked within sensible bounds.

In the one residential hotel of Invergordon were a number of wives of naval officers. I remember how puzzled and frightened they were. They imagined a hundred-and-one things happening to their husbands. Their understanding was trying to grope without direction. They were lost in bewilderment at the sudden coming of the unbelievable.

Orders were given by the senior naval officer ashore that on no account were any newspaper correspondents to go alongside the ships.

We were told the pains and penalties if we attempted it. That was all very well for the senior naval officer, but, after all, some of us wanted a close-up view of the Atlantic Fleet in chaos. They could not do more than shoot us at dawn or a more comfortable hour.

A colleague and myself bought up the only local boatman with a motor launch.

Sir Austen Chamberlain as First Lord of the Admiralty, the post he held at the time of the mutiny

who was ready to ply against the ban. We ran a circuit of the ships and saw near at hand those extraordinary fo'castle meetings and community singing assemblies.

Passing a battle cruiser, our boat was signalled into the companion ladder. A junior officer helped us to tie up. An officer of the watch said that Captain —— would like to see us. That much for the instruction no civilian to go aboard a ship of the Fleet.

In my time I have obtained some amazing interviews, but none more interesting and unusual than that one. It was not an interview for publication, but simply for our guidance and information. An interview which could never be printed.

Actually the captain wanted to learn from us as much as we hoped to gain from him. His desire was to know the reactions ashore among the civilian population to the naval upheaval.

He gave us, under a promise of secrecy, an account of all which was taking place in his great ship.

"You ask," he said, "what is going to happen. Nobody can say what is going to happen. I doubt if Heaven knows."

His distress was obvious. The Navy was his life, and in two days his life—as he marshalled it—crumpled into collapse. He was simple and unaffected. It seemed to me that his mind could not comprehend. He knew what was happening aboard his ship, yet to him it was too much of a nightmare to be feasible. A pit had opened at his feet.

In the late afternoon came news to the Fleet that the Admiralty's decision was for all ships to proceed to their home ports, where the grievances of the men would be examined by committees with a view to rectifying the glaring harshness of the pay reductions.

Aboard each ship "clear the lower deck" was piped, and the captains went before the assembled crews to explain the significance of this fresh order. It meant the organised protest of the men had served its object—at least, to [illegible] extent.

Question then: Would the men accept this order as a truce? Further [illegible] deck meetings were summoned. But the men were nervous of their own obedience.

The thought of what would inevitably follow if the mutiny continued was [illegible] ing down upon them. They had created something which was frightening in its terrible possibilities.

First one ship and then a second decided the "strike was off." From ship to the other, down the line from end to end, the decisions were communicated.

And all at once—exactly as though a switch was turned—the Atlantic Fleet became itself again.

One moment mutiny, the next normality. The routine of each ship was resumed at the point where it had severed two days previously.

Boats came ashore, officers met their wives to bid good-bye. All ratings, without exception "carried on." The change-over was marvellous.

Press messages despatched from Invergordon that evening were subject to strong censorship. This by arrangement between individual newspapers and the Admiralty. A great deal which was written by those of us on the spot did not see print. Perhaps it was as well. For we had witnessed so much which, if faithfully reported, would have gladdened the Governments of some foreign countries.

Atlantic Fleet to be away from Cromarty Firth before midnight was the notification we received ashore. Which meant the first ships would be on the move considerably before that time.

In a body we travelled the road to Cromarty Heads to watch the departure. We waited in the soft darkness of an autumn night.

We could see stretching away into the distance which was the Firth anchorage the lights of the Fleet.

The fixed hour of first departure came and went. Not a ship moved. The signal lamps were chattering, but that was all. Could anything else have happened?

Of course, it all turned out right in the end. The sailing of the Fleet began after delay—ship following ship through the Heads and off to the rendezvous point at sea and their home ports, with last of all the giant flagship *Hood*, with the ship's company cheering to the shore.

The mutiny of Invergordon, front-page news for two days, had become a back page of history.

The Greatest Of These...

Billy

SEVEN-YEAR-OLD Billy's ex-Service father, who was discharged from the Army with a good character but physically unfit, has been unemployed for some time. He suffers from his nerves, and scarcely eats anything because he cannot get work.

Billy's mother suffers so badly from bronchial asthma that her days and nights are spent fighting to get her breath. The only thing that keeps her going is constant injections of adrenalin, which cost from four to five shillings a week.

Of her three children, the eldest, a girl aged twelve, suffers from rheumatism, and Billy, who has been delicate from a baby, has never been able to speak properly. The youngest child is aged three.

Billy's family needs help, as all that is coming in is 35s. a week; the rent of 15s. is seven weeks in arrears.

The vicar of Billy's parish considers that the case is a desperate one. He also states that Billy's mother is honest and reliable.

All donations earmarked "Billy" or for the General Fund should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

Next Week:

Was This A Murder?

Simple addition!

Want to know how to change mealtime grumbles into mealtime smiles? Simply add Pan Yan! Then see the difference: every plate coming up for second helps! Is it the fascinating flavour that does it? Yes—but there's more in it than that. Pan Yan is specially blended to stimulate the gastric juices — so no wonder everyone feels fine.

PAN YAN FOR JOLLY GOOD MEALS

Crisp, golden, crunchy Weetabix looks as irresistibly delicious as it tastes. It comes oven-fresh from the carton for all the family to enjoy. It's the food for every day of the week—for every meal of the day. Weetabix is 100% nourishment—with all the vital body-building elements of sun-ripened British wheat. Try it for breakfast with hot or cold milk. See how much more they enjoy stewed or tinned fruit served with Weetabix. See how they rush for Weetabix Sandwiches—Weetabix split, buttered and spread with their favourite fillings. No wonder mothers call Weetabix the sensible cereal—the cereal of a hundred uses.

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His job as a Courier with a Tourist Agency was a good one: But it looked as though fate was against him—until ....
PARIS
Hi!
I'm very sorry—I made a mistake. It's my fault entirely.
Look here, Courier—you told us this train didn't leave till 14.22. Now we've got three hours to wait!
I'm fed up, Alphonse! That party groused the whole way here. Partly my fault I suppose—I feel tired all the time these days.
Courage, my friend! You do not look O.K. Mr. Thompson—ze English docteur of ze pension—he put you all right—non?
DOCTOR TOLD HIM
I don't feel up to my job, doctor—always tired, even when I wake in the morning.
So you wake up feeling tired, eh? Well—you lead an energetic life, and the trouble is—even during sleep you use up more energy than you can afford. We call it 'Night-Starvation'—Take my advice...
LONDON
—So I thought I'd take a week at home and try Horlick's as he told me.
Well, here you are dear—I tasted it, and it's so delicious I'm going to have a cup too
PARIS—2 MONTHS LATER
Say, Courier, I think you're marvellous! Even at the end of a tiring day you can still talk like an information bureau!
Thank you very much—we have to be pretty fit on this job
LONDON—LATER STILL
Here's a chance for you, Thompson. They wired us to send our best man to meet a party at Cherbourg en route to Adelboden—it's Manville, you know, the millionaire banker!
Very nice of you to choose me, sir I'll go all out on this job

IF you feel your job getting the upper hand, then it's probable that nature isn't getting a chance to replace the energy your body uses up during sleep. Sleep is doing you no good — in fact you're 'NIGHT-STARVED.'

Horlick's at bedtime and mid-morning restores the lost energy and makes sleep *effective :* you wake refreshed and confident. Horlick's is delicious, and economical : just add water, the milk is in it. Prices from 2/-. Mixer 6d. and 1/-.

HORLICK'S

on CHILLY DAYS - DISCRETION PAYS! TAKE

NIPITS VOICE THROAT & CHEST PASTILLES

of all confectioners 1s PKTS 3D TINS

RHEUMATIC TWINGES

are Nature's warning. Unless precautions are taken worse will surely follow. Ward off pain and stiffness by taking CLARGIL Brand Rheumatic Tablets. If your trouble is already severe, try this very successful remedy for **quick** relief. Month's supply 2/9 post free; or send a postcard and pay on delivery. Money refunded in full, if dissatisfied.

CLARGIL LTD., Clevelly House, 282, Union Street, TORQUAY.

MOTHER!

AT YOUR CHILD'S FIRST COUGH OR SNEEZE DO THIS

AT the first sign that their child is getting a cold, many mothers fly to local remedies. They think if they soothe her throat and nose all will be well. But the real trouble may still remain. It's the weakening effect of the cold that's the real danger. You must strengthen and build up your child's whole body if you want to drive out the cold completely and save her from catching another.

What she needs is a quick-acting, body-building winter tonic—Scotts Brand Emulsion. An eminent Research Body has proved that

30 minutes after your child has taken a spoonful of Scotts Brand Emulsion, every drop has gone to strengthen her whole body, particularly her chest and lungs.

Then you'll see a *real* change in your child. Her throat will be eased. Her appetite and healthy colour will return. She'll get sturdy and strong. She'll go happily and safely through coughs-and-colds weather.

So that's what you must do at the first suspicion of a cold. And even before! Because, if your child hasn't caught cold yet, you can build her up so that she won't get one. Start giving her Scott's Brand Emulsion regularly from today and save her from the troubles that make other children's lives a misery every winter.

SCOTTS
BRAND
EMULSION

STARTS STRENGTHENING YOUR CHILD'S CHEST WITHIN 30 MINUTES

Poison Gas..

A gas attack rehearsed at Chatham — famous air-raid target — but nobody cares

WHO CARES?

IF you've been to the cinema lately you have probably witnessed, through the news reels, some strange and unprecedented scenes in English life.

Sunday. A town street, clear of traffic. A motor-van dashes into the picture, stops with a jerk you can almost see. Half a dozen men jump out. Men dressed from head to foot in shining rubber, with saucer-like circles of mica for eyes and a rubber tube for a mouth, with respirators strapped to their chest.

The anti-gas air raid squad at work!

Yes, at work. You see them roping off an affected area and sticking up "Danger. Gas" signs. You see them decontaminating a "bomb crater" with shovelfuls of chemicals. And so on.

Not our grandparents' idea of a Pleasant Sunday Afternoon, nor ours either. But the oddest thing about this fantastically odd business, you may have noticed, is the absence of interested crowds watching the proceedings from a "safe" distance. A few small boys, a passer-by or two—no more.

Why? The authorities don't know, but they would very much like to. For there is every indication that the much-vaunted "air-raid defence scheme" is going to be the biggest failure in Whitehall's memory—as JOHN BULL said it would be a couple of months ago.

Accounts which have appeared in certain newspapers about the scheme's marvellous progress, about the public's "willing response," are more wistful than accurate. Here is the truth:

It is said that factories will soon be turning out half a million gas masks a week. No masks will be issued to the public until the need arises. Meanwhile 30,000,000 of them will be kept in storage, and the first depots in London are soon to be opened. All true.

It is also said that an adequate staff of instructors will be attached to each depot. This will be true if sufficient persons willing to become instructors can be found. Very soon, it is added, voluntary air-raid precautions organisations will exist in every town. This is most unlikely.

Many local authorities are either doing nothing to form them or flatly refuse to form them. Even the councils which have appointed special officers to safeguard their citizens against air-raids cannot break down the wall of public apathy.

Highly significant is the experience of the three towns, Chatham, Rochester and Gillingham, which jointly appointed the first air-raids precautions officer in Britain. For three months he has endeavoured to secure the co-operation of the 160,000 people for whose safety he is responsible. In vain. Apart from the day's work, he often spends six evenings a week addressing meetings of trade organisations in the effort to obtain volunteers for training as anti-gas instructors. He receives a courteous hearing—and no volunteers.

He sent seventy letters to garage proprietors, stressing his need for sixty to eighty box vans and trucks which could be used as ambulances in air-raids, and men to drive them. With each letter he sent two copies to be passed on to customers who might be able to help him. From these 210 potential helpers he received six replies!

Yet, next to London, these three Medway towns are the most obvious military objective for enemy bombers. Chatham has the naval dockyard and barracks. Rochester boasts the world-famous seaplane works of Messrs. Short Bros. There are big military barracks and stores. Along the Medway there are cement works and paper mills—vital sinews of war. To say nothing of important railway stations, bridges [illegible] meters and other trifles.

But Chatham and its neighbours refuse to bestir themselves about possible bombs of the future. More [illegible] when an "air-raid" was arranged as a rehearsal for the real thing—[illegible] lights in the towns went out for half an hour one night, when cars were stopped by the police and switched off their headlights, and householders had to put out their fires if the windows had no blinds—the whole effect was spoiled by objectors who lit a chain of bonfires on the hilltops. And the Territorial aircraft detachment is two-thirds [illegible] strength!

JOHN BULL, therefore, thought it worth while to send a representative to the towns to gauge the feelings of ordinary men and women in the streets. Here are a few specimen answers to the questions:

A middle-aged woman: "Volunteer? Why should I? It's up to the police to see we're protected. If they don't do the job they're paid for they ought to be kicked out instead of being allowed to put the responsibility on the public."

A garage proprietor: "I'd be the first to take a road casualty to hospital in one of my trucks. But I'm not going to let them out as ambulances in air raids. As for why shouldn't the Government provide them?"

An elderly man: "If the Cabinet had stuck up against Japan and Mussolini at Geneva there wouldn't be any fear of another European war. Since Baldwin and Simon have got us in a mess they'd better get us out again."

A young woman: "Don't be silly. Fancy me dressing up in a gas mask and things and listening to a lot of talk about filthy gases. I've something better to do with my spare time."

A middle-aged man: "There's too much talk about the next war. The only country likely to start a row is Germany, and even she isn't strong enough to take on both France and us at the same time. And she knows it. All this talk about air-raids is merely telling Hitler we're frightened of him."

A young man: "It's nothing to do with me, for I guess they'd put me in khaki before the bombs fell. Besides, now we're rearming, other countries will think twice before taking us on."

These are the feelings, it seems, which are making the Government's plans worth less than wastepaper.

What is to be done? Just this. Our Ministers must decide whether the scheme is an imperative necessity or not. If it is, then the public must be told so in frank language. There must be a great drive for volunteers by means of the radio and the Press. The provision of decontaminating chambers and the like must not be left to those towns which can afford them but made part of a *national* defence organisation, paid for by the State.

Then, and only then, will the public respond.

FORESIGHT

THINGS were looking brighter than for some weeks past in a Lancashire home.

The wife was beginning to go about her duties again after an attack of diphtheria. The doctor's bill had been paid.

There was a letter of thanks to be written for the cheque that made payment of that bill possible, the husband decided. It seemed to have dropped from the skies at a moment of great need.

And then, before it could be done, came a succession of heavy rainstorms. Floodwater lapped up to the doorstep, then trickled under the door; finally swamped the kitchen to a depth of six inches and ruined the floor covering of the sitting-room as well.

But at another moment of tremendous anxiety came another cheque.

The husband wrote to JOHN BULL about it—because it was due to his foresight in qualifying for the protection of our unique free family insurance scheme that those cheques were paid. "Thank you for the prompt and courteous manner in which you paid both amounts," he said.

Yet there are readers of JOHN BULL who are still neglecting to take the elementary precaution of protecting themselves and theirs in this simple and free-of-all-cost way. Are you one of them? If so, turn to page 2 now, and fill up the Registration Forms.

With 'Varnene' oil varnish stain you will obtain a far more hard-wearing, high-gloss finish to floors and furniture. 'Varnene' will not chip and offers utmost resistance to scratching.

From Grocers, Oilmen, Ironmongers, etc.
In Dark Oak and other beautiful shades.
Tins 6d., 1/- and 1/6.
CHISWICK PRODUCTS LTD., LONDON, W.4

ASK YOUR DENTIST ● ASK YOUR DENTIST ● ASK YOUR DENTIST

NOW SHE KNOWS
how to avoid offensive breath!

WHY let bad breath interfere with romance—with happiness? It's so easy to be safe when you realize that by far the most common cause of bad breath is . . . improperly cleaned teeth!

Authorities say decaying food and acid deposits, in hidden crevices between the teeth, are the source of most unpleasant mouth odours—of dull teeth—and of much tooth decay.

Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes these odour-breeding deposits that ordinary cleansing fails to reach.

Be safe—be sure! Have cleaner, brighter teeth and a sweeter, purer breath. Get Colgate's today!

TWO SIZES 6d & 1/-

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!
If, after using one tube of Colgate, your teeth are not brighter—your breath sweeter—send the empty tube to Colgate's, London, S.W.1. And we will refund TWICE what you paid.

COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

ASK YOUR DENTIST ● ASK YOUR DENTIST ● ASK YOUR DENTIST

CLEAN FALSE TEETH
New Easy Way
No Brushing
Tested and Approved By over 1,000 Dentists

Just shake a little Steradent powder in a glass of water. Leave your false teeth, plates and bridges in it while you dress or for overnight. DON'T BRUSH. Simply rinse and your teeth and plates are fresh and clean—clean where the brush can't reach.

Steradent cleans away the blackest stains, tartar, sticky film and tarnish. Ends bad taste and smell of dirty false teeth. Makes dull teeth and gums look like new. Makes them smooth, cool and comfortable. Steradent is the discovery of Dr. L. W. Sherwin, authority on oral hygiene. "I wish everyone wearing dentures knew about it," writes Mr. J. L., a prominent dentist. "Steradent will do all and more than you claim," writes another leading practitioner. Price 1/-. Double size 1/9. Sold by all chemists.

For TRIAL SUPPLY: Send 1½d. in stamps, to: Steradent, Dpt. 71, 10 Chitty Street, London, W.1.

Use a Modern Vacuum Cleaner!
Let a Vactric free you from housework drudgery. You can get one on easy terms! Fill in and post the coupon on p. 36 for further details.

Use Snowfire Tablet to heal rough sore hands

3d. Family Size 7½d.
Soft Snowfire in Tins 3d.

Check dangerous after-effects quickly —rebuild strength with Wincarnis

After Influenza, when the whole system is weak and powers of resistance are low, that is the real danger period. It is when vitality is ebbing that people get pneumonia. Check dangerous after-effects in the one sure way—by taking Wincarnis. Wincarnis not only fortifies you against complications after 'flu . . . it rebuilds. Wincarnis has brought thousands safely through convalescence and restored them to vigorous vitality. Avoid cheaper, inferior products—remember health is priceless. Only first quality ingredients are used in making Wincarnis. It is worth every penny of its cost. Take the first step back to health and strength NOW . . . Buy a bottle of Wincarnis to-day.

Nurse recommends Wincarnis from Personal Experience

From my own personal experience, I can thoroughly recommend Wincarnis as a valuable tonic for nervous breakdown, influenza and those needing a real good tonic. I shall always recommend Wincarnis wherever I go.

TESTIMONIAL N/L 7462

Nursed back to health and strength on Wincarnis! Thousands of almost hopeless sufferers know the joys of a Wincarnis convalescence. Joyous vitality returning day by day. New youth . . . new life . . . new happiness. If you would like to try a couple of glasses of Wincarnis at our expense, send in the coupon below.

In convalescence take WINCARNIS

POST THIS COUPON FOR TRIAL BOTTLE To: Coleman & Co., Ltd., Dept. A.D.7, Wincarnis Works, Norwich. I enclose 4½d. in stamps to cover postage and packing. Please send me a free trial bottle of Wincarnis.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

WENDY'S WOOLLEN WORRIES
MY GOODNESS ME! WHATEVER'S HAPPENED WENDY, THESE PANTS HAVE SHRUNK INCHES!
OH UNCLE - I'M TERRIBLY SORRY. I WASHED THEM EVER SO CAREFULLY.. WHATEVER WILL AUNTY THINK WHEN YOU GO BACK HOME
NEXT WEEK
MY DEAR WENDY - DON'T LOOK SO UPSET. I DIDN'T COME TO SCOLD YOU. I CAME TO HELP... LOOK! I BROUGHT YOU A PRESENT!
OXYDOL! BUT AUNTY THAT'S ONE OF THOSE DREADFULLY HARSH "NO-SCRUB" SOAPS, ISN'T IT?
NONSENSE MY DEAR - OXYDOL'S THE SAFEST, MILDEST SOAP EVER MADE... JUST LET ME SHOW YOU HOW IT GETS WOOLLENS CLEAN IN A JIFFY WITHOUT THEM EVER SHRINKING OR GOING ROUGH
WELL I NEVER! JUST A GENTLE SQUEEZE THROUGH THIS FLUFFY CREAMY OXYDOL LATHER AND THE WOOL FEELS SOFT AND SPRINGY AS NEW
NOW BE SURE YOU USE THIS NEW BIG PACKAGE FOR ALL YOUR LINENS TOO. OXYDOL GETS THEM 4 TO 5 SHADES WHITER WITH JUST 2 MINUTES BOILING
OXYDOL
OXYDOL
THE NEW SAFE 'NO-SCRUB' SOAP
LARGE ECONOMY PACKAGE 6d.
MEDIUM SIZE - - 3½d.
GIANT SUPER-VALUE PACKAGE 1/-
MULTIPLIES ITSELF 500 TIMES IN LATHER
Made by Thomas Hedley & Co. Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne

Conrad Phillips is visiting registered readers in their homes and retelling their big thrill. £5 5s. is paid for each story published. This week's story is from Registered Reader No. 144,143, Mr. A. Lee, Kinton Court, W.14.

✦ ✦ ✦

The knife became buried in the man's side . . . two policemen grabbed him

The STRANGE CASE of Mr. Lee

ONE bright spring morning in the year 1936, Mr. A. Lee left his flat in Kensington to give his dog a run in Hyde Park. As soon as he had left his place, he was overcome with a queer sense of expectation. It was as if he would meet something or somebody. What this meeting would be or how it would influence him. Mr Lee did not know.

Oblivious of the pedestrians who passed him on the pavement, Mr. Lee wondered whether his sense of expectation was anything to do with Time. Did the human mind have some undeveloped propensity which enabled it occasionally to come in contact with the past and future? If it had, then what we called presentiment was understandable.

It was while he was immersed in these profound speculations that Mr. Lee came into violent contact with a young lady of about four and twenty.

"I'm terribly sorry," he apologised.

"It's quite all right," the young lady said, and with that she went on her way.

As soon as she was gone, it struck Mr. Lee that he had met the young lady before, but for the life him he couldn't remember where. A minute later it came to him. Of course, Mary Londsdale. He hadn't seen her since 1917. But, wait a minute! She couldn't be Mary—she was too young.

It was rather odd, he thought, that after all these years he should see somebody that reminded him of Mary. He wondered what had happened to her. The last time they were together they had planned their wedding.

He remembered that it was about this time of the year. He was on his second leave from France. Mary had been employed in a secretarial position in the city. They had met during his first leave, and after a whirlwind courtship, common in those days, they realised that they loved each other.

The day on which the date of their wedding was planned, he had left Mary at Hyde Park Corner. They were to have met at the same place the following day. When they parted, Mary had seemed quite normal and happy. At the appointed time, Mr. Lee arrived at Hyde Park, where he waited for an hour.

AT the end of this time he was apprehensive. After he had telephoned her office and learned that she had checked out earlier in the day, he became alarmed.

By the end of the week, after ceaseless searching, he gave up hope of ever finding her.

From that day to this, she had been a closed chapter in his life. As he was crossing the road, he reflected on what might have happened if he and Mary had married. Would his life have been much different?

At this juncture, something very strange happened to Mr. Lee. It was indeed so strange that he was, for the time being, flabbergasted. What he saw in the street was unbelievable.

"Goodness gracious!" he exclaimed, "what has happened?"

He blinked his amazed eyes and looked again. What was wrong with everybody? He saw people dressed in old-fashioned clothes, most of the men were clad in khaki; motor-cars were ugly and cumbersome, like those in use twenty years ago; newsboys were rushing through the streets with flowing placards on which were printed war news.

A moment later he had the biggest shock of all—he saw himself clad in khaki.

There must be something wrong! The war was over. It had been over twenty years. He felt bewildered. He didn't know what to do. He walked along like a man from Mars might walk.

At length, he found himself at Hyde Park Corner. By this time he was overcome with a strange doubt.

He glanced at himself in a shop window. Yes, there was no doubt about it. He was only twenty-one. But what was he doing here? He couldn't remember. Something must have gone wrong with his memory.

Some time later, it all came to him. He had to meet Mary. He looked at his watch. He was due to meet her now. He'd better hurry.

On the other side of the road he saw her where they had agreed to meet. What was the matter with her? She looked pale and perplexed.

Just as he was about to cross the road to see why she was going away, he saw her wave to a man. When he came up to her, Mr. Lee ran between the traffic and arrived on the other side just in time to see them embrace. This infuriated him.

"Mary," he panted, coming up to her, "what is the meaning of this? Who is this man?"

"What are you looking for—trouble?" the man said, narrowing his steely grey eyes. "If you are, you can soon get it—now get off with you."

Completely losing his temper, Mr. Lee proceeded to abuse the man. In a few seconds they came to blows. As the man closed with him, Mr. Lee caught the gleam of a knife. So that was it—he intended to murder him. Shooting out his left, he caught his assailant a blow on the point of the chin.

THIS sent him reeling backward. As he fell to the ground the knife left his hand and dropped on the pavement. Leaving his man, Mr. Lee made a dive for it. As soon as he secured it he felt his arm being swung violently about. He twisted and turned. During this the knife became buried in the man's side. As it did so he uttered the awful scream of a mortally wounded man and fell back.

The next Mr. Lee knew was being grabbed from behind. Looking up, he saw the helmeted heads of two policemen.

Two hours later, in a police cell, he was told that the man had died and that he would be charged with murder.

"Heavens," he groaned. Then for the second time that day something very strange happened to Mr. Lee.

He was conscious of a funny feeling in his head. It was a sort of swimming sensation. He saw the constable's face between the bars of the door become dim. Then the door appeared to melt. Soon it became shapeless and disappeared altogether.

In its place was a grey mist. He watched this fascinated, and vaguely wondered what was happening to him. Was he dying? The sensation of floating that had accompanied this curious phenomenon made him think that he was. He hoped so. The mist in which he seemed to be floating, cleared.

He could now see objects taking form. He stared at these. What were they? He strained his eyes impatiently. At last, he identified them.

They consisted of a white ceiling and a red screen which was around a bed in which he was lying. Moving his head, he was aware that his neck was bandaged. What the devil had happened to him?

JUST then he saw the face of a pretty nurse appear. Immediately she saw his eyes open she disappeared. He heard her talking in a whisper to somebody.

A few minutes later she came behind the screen with a man clad in a white smock, obviously a doctor.

"How do you feel?" the man asked.

He didn't really know.

"Oh, all right, I suppose," he replied. He was surprised at the effort it took to say those words.

Some time later, the whole of Mr. Lee's weird experiences were explained. He had been knocked down by a car as he was crossing the road to take his dog for a run in Hyde Park. They told him that his experiences in the world of 1917 were the result of concussion.

In spite of this assurance Mr. Lee still has a vague feeling that he actually killed a man.

THE EMPIRE TOBACCO WITH THE LARGEST SALE

perhaps you're doubtful

Probably you're a bit sceptical about getting a decent smoke for 8d., but listen. "Digger" has the largest sale of any Empire Grown Tobacco in the country. Thousands of pounds weight are supplied to smokers every day. So if you're doubtful about 8d. giving you good value, invest in a packet of "Digger." Player's make it—Flake, Shag, Mixture, and Plug, and "Digger" lives up to their reputation.

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8D PER OZ

P.D.43

FLAKE - SHAG - PLUG MIXTURE - HONEYDEW

Result of "FITTING PHRASES" COMPETITION

In the above Competition correct solutions were received from several Competitors who in each Section Share the award of £20 offered separately on every one of the Six Sections.

SECTION 1.
2 winners share prize of £20.
SECTION 2.
180 winners share prize of £20.
SECTION 3.
8 winners share prize of £20.
SECTION 4.
67 winners share prize of £20.
SECTION 5.
23 winners share prize of £20.
SECTION 6.
2 winners share prize of £20.

Full list of the names and addresses of the winners can be seen at "John Bull" offices. All have been notified and cheques despatched.

Seccotine is more than an adhesive—you can actually use it for making old clothes look like new, faded fabrics fresh, and dull colours bright. It's a positive fact. Try it next washday. In tubes everywhere, 4½d., 6d., and 9d. Free descriptive booklet from Dept. J.B., M'Caw Stevenson & Orr, Ltd., Belfast.

It's a positive fact...

SECCOTINE REGD.
THE DOUBLE STRENGTH ADHESIVE

★ **CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT TO THE NATIONAL SAVINGS COMMITTEE, LONDON, S.W.1**

(No postage stamp required)

I want to start a Savings Group among my friends and workfellows to enable us to save regularly, easily & safely. Please send me particulars of the National Savings Way of saving, suitable for the places I have underlined.

FACTORIES, WORKS, OFFICES, SHOPS, SCHOOLS, CLUBS, VILLAGES, SCOUTS & GUIDES, INSTITUTIONS, WOMEN'S INSTITUTES

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

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J.B.I. PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK CAPITALS.

NATIONAL SAVINGS COMMITTEE, LONDON, S.W.1

For 10 Years, broke up every Cold overnight!

Mrs. E. Kimbell, Sunnyhill Rd., Streatham, says: "Richard has been very subject to colds, but rubbing his chest and back with Vick brings quick relief. Next day the cold is always almost over."

The 3-MINUTE VICK MASSAGE
Breaks up most colds Overnight

Simply rub Vick brand Vapour-Rub on throat and chest, and on the back—between and below the shoulder-blades. Then spread it thick on the chest and cover with warm flannel.

No Waiting—Acts Instantly

The brisk massage starts Vick working through the skin like an old-fashioned poultice. Even before you finish rubbing, the chest and back feel warm and comfortable as Vick begins to "draw out" tightness, break up congestion.

At the same time, warmed by the body, Vick releases its powerful medicated vapours. Breathed in for hours, 18 times a minute, they clear the air-passages, make breathing easy again.

Relaxed and comfortable, the patient soon sleeps. And Vick's double action keeps on working for hours, breaks up most colds by morning.

Now Improved— WHITE, STAINLESS VICK BRAND VAPOUR-RUB

Germolene

Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT
CONQUERS
CHILBLAINS

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BAD LEG
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SORENESS

Painful Chilblains!—the sharp, splitting pain of Cracked Lips—the misery of Cold Sores and Rough, Red, Chapped Skin!—banish them ALL now by smoothing on **Germolene**. Feel the exquisite relief as it soothes at a touch. Notice your skin clearing, smoothing, softening. **Germolene** is the magic skin healer. If YOUR skin is chapped, roughened or cut—clean it, heal it, with gentle **Germolene** Ointment.

6D, 1/3, 3/- & 12/- Per Tin, Tubes 4/6

ACCEPT THIS OFFER

PROVE NOW, AT OUR INVITATION, the Power of Germolene. Get a 1/3 Tin. Use it ALL! If you are not delighted with the result, return the empty outside carton to Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester, 16, within one month of purchase and your money will be REFUNDED IN FULL!

NOTE: When you have been cured by GERMOLENE Ointment, never use anything else on your skin but GERMOLENE MEDICATED TOILET SOAP
6d. per Tablet. All Chemists.

RACKETEERS IN *Uniform*

The harvest comes when serving drinks to dancers who, often ... only later discover that it has been ... inexplicably expensive evening

A DISHONEST practice which the general public scarcely suspects is becoming more widespread to-day than ever before.

We refer to the "working" of accounts by waitresses and barmaids in the restaurants of dance-halls and cinemas. Frequently the cause of the trouble in the first place is the absurdly low wages paid to such workers.

At this time of the year a large public hall, or restaurant with a dance floor, is let out for some social event almost every night of the week. The people who attend these jolly affairs are often more than gay—and therefore careless about their change. Only later do they discover that they have had an inexplicably expensive evening.

At one large and sumptuously furnished dance hall in London the waitresses are paid 12s. 9d. a week. True, they are provided with uniform and a meal of some kind, but they are almost entirely dependent upon tips.

Now the amount collected by a waitress in a cheap dance hall in tips can never be very much. On a Saturday night a girl might "make" three or four shillings, but during a week-night probably only a few coppers.

What is she to do? Throw up the job and find herself in the streets? Ask for a higher wage, when she knows it will be refused?

Often she does neither of these things. All too soon she realises the means adopted by the other girls for augmenting their paltry wages, and is influenced by their example. She begins to "work" things on her own account, and there are several ways in which this may be done with a fair degree of safety.

First, there is always the man who has been drinking, and cannot remember whether he gave a ten-shilling or a pound note. Or the man who never counts his change. He may be tried out, once, by the substitution of two shillings for half-a-crown; and if this manœuvre is successful, the omission of a shilling or two next time may pass unnoticed.

The girl practising this kind of trick frequently becomes an expert in judging her man. She may go on for months without a single complaint or protest. But she never tries it on a woman.

Another girl may prefer to swindle the firm, but she is up against a more difficult proposition. There are, however, a dozen ways in which she may work. One of the most common is for the girl to enter into a tacit understanding with regular men customers. In return for a reduction on the bill there is a much more than normal tip.

Again, a waitress may say, quickly, to a customer, "That is three shillings, please—I'll bring you a bill," and she takes his money, and hurries off.

Unless the customer asks for his bill he will not get one. In any case, the amount is correct so far as he is concerned. But the bill that the waitress passes through the accounts is probably for threepence.

Of course, in the large and properly organised restaurants such practices are impossible—the precautions against them are too great, and the penalties too severe. In fact, the restaurant waitress is not open to the same temptation, since she is better paid and more regularly "tipped."

Frequently, for special functions, barmaids and waitresses are engaged for one night only, and reap a small harvest. There have been cases in London where the barmaids have been scarcely able to walk out of the building for the weight of silver they were carrying around their waists.

Here is an actual example. A young married woman, whose husband was out of work, was taken on to serve behind a bar in a building where several thousand people were making merry. She set out with the firm intention of working several hours for a few shillings, which she was glad to get.

After a short time, though, she noticed that the other girls were not always visiting the cash register after making a sale, and one of them constantly had trouble with the buttons of her uniform. That gave the novice her clue, and soon she, too, was slipping half-crowns down the neck of her blouse.

She went home that night with over eight pounds in silver concealed in her clothing. Next day she learned, to her astonishment, that another girl's haul amounted to three pounds more.

"Why not," is their attitude. "People spend money like water on drinks that they leave or knock over. The firm makes over a pound on a bottle of whisky—and we need the money most of all."

Yet another practice which has been employed innumerable times on more quiet evenings is concerned with a number of small pins. These are placed in the sleeve, behind the cuff, or behind the lapel of the jacket.

Now the barmaid's greatest fear is of being "*over*" in her accounts. That leads to suspicion at once, since it suggests a "steal" accompanied by a wrong calculation. A girl who is "under" may merely have forgotten to charge someone. The best thing, of course, is to be correct.

That is where the pins come in. If the girl is selling beer at, say, sixpence a glass then sixpence becomes her "unit." From time to time she will drop a sixpence into the washing-up water, or anywhere out of sight, and change the position of one of the pins. When all five pins have changed places the ... sixpences are exchanged for a half-crown from the till!

The same trick may be worked with any unit for amounts up to a pound. It has been employed by girls in stores who are not allowed to have any money of their own. Silver would be detected at once, while it is not difficult to conceal a note.

Now the extraordinary thing about this common form of trickery is that it goes on almost unchecked. A girl who is discovered is dismissed, often with a passable reference, and another—probably equally dishonest—engaged in her place. The first girl goes away to carry on in the same way elsewhere.

Best victims of the racketeers

The point is that employers who underpay their staff in this way dare not take such a case to court. It would not look well to admit that they encourage dishonesty by the ridiculous wages they pay. The whole sordid story would come out in public, and a rich undertaking would be revealed in an unpleasant light.

No doubt many girls start out with the determination to make an honest living. When they find the struggle too much for them they adopt the alternative course.

At this time of year the girls are ... "working" dance halls, exhibitions and so on. During the summer they are busy at the same tricks in seaside cafés and restaurants. A whole class of sneak-thieves is being manufactured by short-sighted and despicable employers who exploit their workpeople for long hours at wages which put a premium on dishonesty.

HEADACHES

How to get rid of them

Tens of thousands of people are suffering unnecessarily from headaches this very moment. You, perhaps! More often than not your stomach is the cause of the trouble. You have eaten something that disagreed with you. You are constipated. Acidity indigestion with painful wind. These are only a few of many reasons for headaches—all the result of stomach trouble.

But there is a way to end this type of headache quickly, surely. At your chemist's is the famous stomach remedy that will banish your trouble for good. Maclean Brand Stomach Powder goes to the root of stomach trouble, drives out excess wind, abolishes acidity, soothes the inflamed stomach lining. Headaches caused by your stomach go quickly and because this wonderful stomach powder removes the cause of them, they do not return.

Ask for the original MACLEAN BRAND Stomach-Powder with the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on the bottle and be free from these headaches. 1/3, 2/6 and 5/-, powder or tablets.

YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE I HAD INFLUENZA ONLY FIVE DAYS AGO...

. . yet now I feel stronger, fitter and younger than I've felt for years.

THIS woman's experience is the same as that of thousands of men and women who, in this and previous epidemics, have taken Hall's Wine after Influenza.

Glorious, complete recovery—above all, *quick* recovery—that's what Hall's Wine gives you. It pours its rich, red strength into your veins within thirty seconds.

Hundreds of grateful letters testify how, within an astonishingly short time, people who take Hall's Wine become permanently stronger and brighter, and feel years younger! Take Hall's Wine two or three times a day—start your recovery today!

★ ★ ★

From Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers & Chemists. Large bottle, 5/6, smaller size, 3/3. Stephen Smith & Co. Ltd., Bow, London, E.3

Hall's Wine

FOR QUICK AND LASTING RECOVERY FROM INFLUENZA

INFLUENZA SWEEPS THE COUNTRY!

vide Daily Press

London Gets The 'Flu
WORST COLD RECORD FOR TWO YEARS
'FLU WAVE MAY INCREASE
57 'FLU DEATHS A WEEK
FORECAST 'FLU, NOW IT'S HERE
Anti-Bi-San
makes you flu-proof

... and here is the Guarantee

The menace of Influenza is here — the daily newspapers tell of the appalling number of victims of this epidemic scourge which attacks rich and poor alike and brings in its train Bronchitis, Congestion of the Lungs, Pleurisy and Pneumonia, all too often with fatal results. Influenza attacks at least 25,000,000 persons every year.

YOU NEED NOT BE A FLU VICTIM

For the first time in history the greatest Insurance Organisation in the world have issued a policy guaranteeing the purchaser of a proprietary article; ANTI-BI-SAN the Influenza Preventive. Would they be prepared to pay your doctor's bill unless they had first satisfied themselves that ANTI-BI-SAN does provide 'flu immunity? Is it not worth YOUR while paying 5'- to be "A.1 at Lloyd's"? You need not be a 'flu victim. Start taking ANTI-BI-SAN to-day and be 'flu proof under the Insurance guarantee.

INSURANCE GUARANTEE

An Insurance has been effected with the largest Insurance organisation in the world under which all purchasers of ANTI-BI-SAN, who have completed the treatment of Anti-Bi-San Influenza Preventive, are covered as follows: in the event of the purchaser contracting Influenza within three calendar months dated from the fifth day after the commencement of the Anti-Bi-San treatment, his or her doctor's bill, which has been incurred because of this illness, will be paid to the extent of £5.5.0.
(See conditions on registration form in every box.)

ONE TREATMENT - INJECTIONS UNNECESSARY

The simple ANTI-BI-SAN treatment of 7 tablets taken over 3 days, according to directions, will enable you to enjoy complete immunity from Influenza or your doctor's bill will be paid in accordance with the guarantee. Hypodermic injections have been given in the past to ward off Influenza, but due to an important medical discovery anti-influenza serums can now be taken in tablet form by means of ANTI-BI-SAN. You owe a duty to yourself, your wife and family—and a duty to the community at large—so take ANTI-BI-SAN AT ONCE and be 'flu proof this winter.

Read these two unsolicited testimonials taken at random.

A grateful Wife writes:
"For over 20 years my husband had a succession of 'flu colds throughout the winter and was a misery to himself and everyone else. I bless the chemist who recommended ANTI-BI-SAN—this winter he has kept free of 'flu and colds all the time."

Friend writes to Friend:
"I shall strongly recommend ANTI-BI-SAN to my friends. To-day I am sending particulars to a Birmingham friend who is a martyr to influenza like I was before taking ANTI-BI-SAN."

The ANTI-BI-SAN treatment for Adults costs 5/-; for Children from 4 to 14 years of age 3/9, and the same Insurance policy applies. ANTI-BI-SAN is obtainable at your chemist or direct by filling in the coupon below.

ANTI-BI-SAN BRAND

Influenza Immunity without Hypodermic Injection

No proprietary rights are claimed either in respect of the formula or the method of manufacture of the above product except the trade name ANTI-BI-SAN (Brand), any infringement of which will be rigorously dealt with.

To:—Anti-Bi-San Laboratories,
King William Street House, Arthur Street, London, E.C.4.
Please send me, accompanied by the Insurance Guarantee,
.....box(es) Adult's ANTI-BI-SAN Influenza Preventive
.....box(es) Children's ANTI-BI-SAN Influenza Preventive
(Delete words which do not apply.)
for which I enclose the sum of.....
NAME (Block Capitals).....
Address.....
.....
J.B.2
(SELLS)

NIGHT FREQUENCY

No symptoms can be more disturbing to the peace of mind than undue frequency and urgency. This distressing complaint is very common to men in middle life. **The dangers of enlarged prostate are such that no man should fail to take immediate action to prevent the further development of this disorder, which, if neglected, may necessitate a major operation.**

The regular use of Halmagon Brand Tablets is strongly advocated for safe and speedy relief, for which the Medical Profession is prescribing HALMAGON more and more.

At all Chemists, 3/6 Box. Trial Tube 1/-

FREE! 1/- BOOK Write for FREE copy "LIFE IN FULL MEASURE," 128 pp., enclosing 2d. stamp for postage.

TONICITY LABORATORIES, LTD., Dept. J.B. 2., 6-8, Emerald Street, London, W.C.1.

HALMAGON

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WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

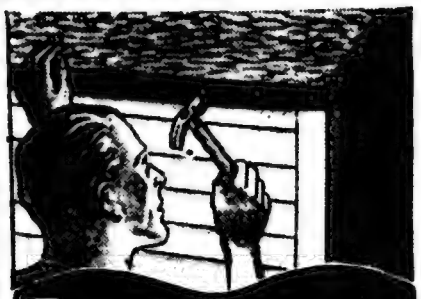
The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your system daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays inside you. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3d. and 3/-.

Help Kidneys

Clean Out Poisonous Acids

Your Kidneys have nine million tiny tubes or filters which are endangered by cheap, irritating drugs or neglect. Unknown to you, weak Kidneys may be the real cause of your Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Dizziness, Swollen Ankles, Bladder Trouble, Headaches, Backache, Rheumatism, Leg Pains, Circles Under Eyes, Dry, muddy Skin, Acidity, Burning, Smarting, or Lost Vigour. Don't take chances. Your life may be in danger. Get the Doctor's guaranteed prescription Cystex (Sis-tex) from any chemist. £1,000 deposited with Westminster Bank, London, backs up Cystex Guarantee to bring new health and vitality in 48 hours, make you feel 10 years younger and to cure troubles in 8 days or money back on return of empty packet. Get Cystex to-day.



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A PLUVEX roof will give years of GUARANTEED satisfaction without trouble or cost. You buy PLUVEX all ready to lay—no painting or tarring to be done. Wherever you keep poultry, tools and implements, or wherever you want it warm and dry in the worst of weather you want a PLUVEX roof.

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A FREE copy of an interesting booklet is waiting for you. It's called "How to make a sound job of a small roof," and contains a hundred-and-one helpful little hints. Fill up the coupon and post it to-day.

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To THE RUBEROID Co., Ltd., 139, Lincoln House, High Holborn, London, W.C.1
Please send me samples of Pluvex and also a copy of your FREE Book which tells me how I can roof any small building, at little cost.

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Post in ½d. unsealed envelope.

FREE! Generous Sample of 'CASCO' the New COLD WATER GLUE of amazing strength

Just send us your name and address and by return you will receive a FREE SAMPLE of "CASCO"—the new super-strong cold water glue. No messy heating. Simply mix with cold water. "Casco" sets chemically, like cement, and is so strong it is used for making aeroplanes. Use the strength of "Casco" for the hundred and one repair jobs in your home. From ironmongers, oil and paint shops.

In handy tins from 6d.

FREE SAMPLE from Leicester, Lovell & Co., Ltd., Dept. J.B.A, 16-18, Ido Street, London, E.1.

for Hoarseness

Ingredients of Vick brand Vapour-Rub in the form of a pleasant sweet. 6d

Vick BRAND Lozenges

TASTE GOOD - DO GOOD

INGROWN NAIL

Dr. Scholl's ONIXOL stops pain, drives out the inflammation, hardens nail groove. From all Chemists and Dr. Scholl's Depots. 1/3 bottle

Dr Scholls ONIXOL

Bullying Husbands

Human Documents

By *Philip Inman*

"WHEN I married my wife I made the biggest mistake of my life," says one of my correspondents. "I should have married another girl with whom I was friendly at the time." Many other married folk—wives as well as husbands—have told me the same thing.

These people lose sight of one important factor. Take this man, who says he has married the wrong woman. He is conscious of her defects because he sees her under every conceivable condition.

Living with people is a great eye-opener. The other girl whom he thinks he ought to have married seems perfect in his eyes. But he would have discovered that she has faults like everybody else.

Now it is bad for the man himself to live under this sense of imaginary grievance. It must be far worse for the wife if she is made aware of the fact. And that is why I think the husband of my first correspondent is so cruel. His wife says:

I have been married for five years and we have three little children. Our lives are more than unhappy, for my husband won't forget a girl he used to know. He keeps saying that he wished he had married her, and that if he could only find her he would ask her to take my place.

I do my best, for I have to manage the housekeeping on very little, but he is never satisfied with anything I try to do. I know he must hate me, for he is constantly telling me that I can clear out, but how can I leave my three little children?

Many times have I suggested that we should try to pull together, but he only laughs at me and says I am mad, and that when I get worse he will have me put away. That worries me terribly, in case he can do it. Please would you be so kind as to give me your advice?

★ NOW it is not easy to change a bad husband into a good one. And from what my correspondent tells me this man is obviously a bad one. She has striven hard for peace and happiness; she does her best to keep the home going on very little; she has borne him three little children.

And yet he treats her shamefully, taunting her about another girl, and telling her bluntly that she can clear out. It is a pity that she can't take him at his word. That is the best way to deal with a bully of this kind.

But because of her children it is impossible, and he knows it, and trades on it. I am going to suggest to my correspondent that she alters her tactics. Probably she lets him see that his remarks hurt her, and that is why he persists in them. I would not give him that satisfaction.

I would not even discuss the other girl with him. When he mentions her I should simply treat what he says with contempt. Once he discovers that he is wasting his words he will probably stop.

My correspondent is also worried about his other accusation that she is going mad and that he will have her put away. That suggestion can soon be put an end to.

She should have a chat with her doctor. He would be able to reassure her, and with him on her side the husband would have to be very cautious about continuing to make such statements.

The intervention of that doctor may have another result. He may discover that through her husband's treatment this girl's health is suffering and he might be willing to tackle that man on her behalf.

It seems such a pity that with three little children this is not a happy home. Perhaps a talk from a third person might lead to an improvement. At any rate, it is well worth trying.

Now compare the letter I have already quoted with my next one. Here it is:

My husband does not smoke, swear, gamble and is strictly T.T. He is irreproachable in manners, temperless and, within his means, responsive to my every whim.

At this stage he sounds more like an angel than a man. But wait. My correspondent continues:

How can I shake him out of the attitude that causes him to wear a pained expression whenever a reference is made to the mildest of modern vices? I refer to an occasional cigarette, a dance, a cinema, or a theatre.

And what troubles me is that he seems quite happy in his smug satisfaction of what life really should be. I love him, but unless I can "kick over the traces" occasionally I feel I shall go mad and do something desperate. I might even go so far as to refuse to accompany him to church.

★ HERE is a specimen of the perfect husband. He does not drink, ill-treat or neglect his wife, philander after other women. And yet my correspondent finds his perfection very irritating. A little human weakness would greatly enhance him in her eyes.

Now the quest of life is happiness. Because of this man's upbringing or through convictions acquired later on, he is a Puritan. But I am told that he is "quite happy." Then why make him miserable by trying to alter him? "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

Far better allow this man to enjoy life through his own eyes than hate it through the eyes of his wife.

But equally, he should not seek to impose his will upon her. She is entitled to her own opinions and if happiness to her means "an occasional cigarette, a dance, a cinema or a theatre," then she should not be denied these things.

The logical solution of this problem is for husband and wife to find happiness in their individual ways. But life seldom works out in terms of logic.

And my correspondent must ask herself these two questions: "Will insisting upon my rights create discord and unhappiness in the home? If so, is it worth while, taking into account all my husband's great qualities?" It may be that her husband will agree to her occasional indulgence in those pleasures which she desires.

If he does—well and good. But in that case she must remember her compensations. Many a woman would sacrifice a good deal to have a man who is "irreproachable in manners, temperless and, within his means, responsive to his wife's every whim."

There are husbands who are not conscious of cruel. They would scout such an idea. And yet—well, read this letter.

We have been married for fourteen years and have two children, who are now eight and three. My husband is a very steady and hard-working man, but he is a stay-at-home, with no desire to go anywhere.

When the children were younger I gave up everything for them, but now I think I am entitled to a little pleasure and I enjoy my occasional visit to the pictures or to a social at the church.

My husband, however, does not like me to go out at all, and whenever I do so he is always very unpleasant on my return. I get very depressed at times and when he is at work I have many a good cry.

I don't crave for a lot of pleasure, but I know how much good a little change does me, especially as we live in such a quiet little country place.

The husband who sneers at his wife's pleas for domestic peace is deserving of the greatest contempt

★ WHAT a pity that so many really decent men spoil themselves by this dog-in-the-manger attitude. "I am not going out myself and I don't want you to go out." It's so short-sighted.

There is nothing better than a bright and happy home. And an occasional outing is a splendid tonic. This woman has been very reasonable. Her husband should now be reasonable in return.

I would suggest that my correspondent puts the position tactfully to him. It would be a good thing if occasionally she could get somebody to look after the children and persuade him to go out with her.

If, however, the husband will have none of it, then my correspondent must tell him frankly that she is entitled and intends to have a little happiness.

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. Letters sent to Mr. Inman at any other address cannot be dealt with. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

MISSING: Severe attack of RHEUMATISM

Have you noticed that some of your friends who used to complain about their rheumatism have not had so much to complain about lately? Many severe attacks are "missing."

The most likely explanation is the increasing use of Fynnon Salt by rheumatic sufferers. This mystery remedy, comprising Sodium, Potassium, Lithium and other salts found at Spas famous for their cures, is fast becoming the faithful stand-by of men and women who have "been through hell" with the torturing pains that only rheumatic sufferers know.

After a few days on Fynnon Salt they have discovered a new suppleness in their limbs, a new freedom in the joints, a new joy in life itself. This treatment, for which they would gladly have paid dearly, is almost absurdly cheap—1/3d. a tin. When you remember that one spoonful makes a saline equal in medicinal value to three glasses of spa waters, you realise what a godsend it is. Get a tin from your chemist and soon your own rheumatic pains will be "missing." And a good job, too.

Is SAPPED ENERGY holding you back?

You can't get on if you lack energy. And sluggishness and dullness are usually the symptoms of constipation. But don't resort to harsh laxatives. Two tablespoonfuls of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN every day will keep you fresh and energetic. In chronic cases, eat it with each meal.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN supplies the "bulk" most diets lack. It exercises the intestines and so ensures the complete elimination of all waste. At the same time the iron it contains enriches and purifies the blood.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN requires no cooking. It is equally delicious as a cereal with cold milk or cream, or when added to other foods. Make sure you see the name Kellogg's on the packet.

7½D Per Packet

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

the gentle, natural way to relieve

CONSTIPATION

109

CLUB SECRETARIES

Mason's will make a present to every child in streets decorated with Mason's Coronation Decorations. Write for particulars of unique scheme.

ANOTHER *Amazing* BARGAIN

Monster Parcel of Coronation Decorations

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C.O.D. 1/- extra.
5,000 Parcels only at this Price.

DO not miss this remarkable offer. Here is your opportunity to obtain a special bargain parcel of attractive Coronation Decorations at a record low price. No similar parcels have ever been offered to "John Bull" readers before . . . and this exceptional opportunity may not be repeated. It is available for a limited time only, so

ORDER AT ONCE!

- 1 24" x 18" MOUNTED VARNISHED SHIELD COMPLETE WITH FLAGHOLDER
- 1 UNION JACK, 36" x 18"
- 1 AUSTRALIAN FLAG, 36" x 18"
- 1 CANADIAN FLAG, 36" x 18"
- 3 FLAG POLES, 30" x ¾"
- 3 SPIKES FOR POLES
- 1 GOLD EMBOSSED CROWN, 9"
- 18 ft. EMPIRE PLEATED FESTOON, 10" WIDE
- 1 CREPE BANNER 28" x 30"
- 12 ft. CREPE PENNANTS, 28" deep

This unique offer is entirely different from the giant bargain parcel of Coronation Decorations at 12/6, which offer is still available to "John Bull" readers who require a larger range of Coronation Decorations.

OTHER PARCELS AT 25/-, 50/-, £5 and £10. 100% BRITISH MADE. DELIVERED FREE. C.O.D. 1/- EXTRA.

WILLIAM MASON & SON, LTD. (Est. 1870)
Shopfitters and Display Consultants,
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British Industries House, London, W.1.

Cross out line not applying.

I enclose Cheque/P.O. for .....
Please send me C.O.D. (1/- extra)

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J.B.

The *Quick* Way WITH A

CHEST COLD

Rub on this SUPER-STRENGTH OINTMENT

This treatment will make sure that it goes overnight. Get a pot of Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment. It is *super-strength*. It is the most powerful remedy you can buy. Yet it will not burn or blister. Rub it on when you go to bed and in the morning all soreness will be gone, and dangerous complications like bronchitis or pneumonia warded off. Because Musterole is so much more powerful and penetrating it costs a little more than ordinary preparations, but what are a few pence against the certain and almost instant relief from pain and discomfort that Musterole brings? Actually, you will find Musterole very economical because, owing to its great penetrating power, you need use so little at a time. A pot of Musterole in the house may save you and yours hours of pain and misery—rub it on at the first sign of coughs, sore throats, chest colds, muscular rheumatism, 'Flu (in thousands of cases it has prevented pneumonia), aches and sprains and congestion.

MUSTEROLE BRAND MUSTARD OINTMENT PRICE 2/6

WHAT TO DO in case of 'FLU

Amazing Effect From New Treatment

DON'T waste time when you feel Influenza or even a common cold, coming on. Take a dose of Phensic immediately, and another one at bedtime.

That's the modern scientific treatment—and the quickest ever discovered. Phensic is the internal germicide with the wonderful power of turning out poisons produced by germs—through the skin.

After the first dose you notice:—

★ **PAINS IN MUSCLES RELIEVED**
★ **FEVERISHNESS REDUCED**
★ **SOUND SLEEP RESTORED**

Colds go in one night. 'Flu departs in half the usual time and leaves no after effects—no weakness, lassitude, rheumatic pains, headaches or weak heart.

"I regard it (Phensic) as an absolutely sure preventive of Influenza. When I get a feverish cold, it brings down my temperature at once and puts me on my feet in a day or two." D. F. G., London, W.1.

Phensic is also the quickest Pain Killer and Pick-me-up Tonic known to science. Get a bottle to-day and see for yourself.

Phensic

Pronounced 'FEN-ZIK' Brand

FROM ALL CHEMISTS 3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/- & 5/-

This'll Make You Happy!

After reading this turn to **'Rhythm in the House'** *on Page* **18**

- Music is the spice of life. It drives away cares and worries, makes happy, united families and brings popularity to those who play.
- Bring melody into your home. You will find its magical notes life's best tonic.
- So put your hand in your pocket and buy an Instrument easy to learn. You will then have happiness too.

I feel fine NOW!

FENNINGS' CERTAINLY DID WORK WONDERS — They assist the Lungs to throw off all irritating matter arising from Bronchitis, Influenza, Coughs, etc., and to regain health and vigour.

FENNINGS' LUNG HEALERS SOLD AT 6d., 1/3 AND 3/-

70 YEARS REPUTATION INSIST ON FENNINGS'

SEND FOR A FREE COPY OF FENNINGS' "EVERY MOTHER'S BOOK" to ALFRED FENNINGS, COWES, ISLE OF WIGHT

Uric Acid in the Joints

WHEN YOU ARE rheumatic be quick to suspect the kidneys. Excess uric acid and other wastes left in the blood by weak or sluggish kidney action can easily lay you up for weeks. The joints may become stiff, painful and swollen, or you may have pains in the small of the back, bladder trouble, sciatica, swollen limbs or nerve pains. These symptoms will disappear when you have removed the cause by taking Doans Backache Kidney Pills. This time proved remedy acts specially upon the kidneys. Besides being antiseptic it stimulates and strengthens the kidneys and urinary system. The reports of thousands of grateful users of Doans Pills in all parts of the country prove their value for men and women alike. Why not avoid needless pain? Why not take Doans Pills, now?

Get rid of Kidney Troubles, Backache, Stiff Swollen Joints, Urinary Troubles, Disturbed Rest

Ask your Chemist for

1/3 3/- 5/-

DOANS Backache Kidney Pills

New! THE VACTRIC "JUNIOR"!

Here's the new Vactric "Junior"—the electric Sweeper that housewives everywhere have been waiting for!

The 'un or with Senior performance

- Powerful beating-suction - cleaning Action.
- Exclusive handle action for cleaning beneath furniture, beds, etc.
- Nozzle height adjuster.
- Insulated Thumb switch on piston grip handle.
- "Easy-Lock" connection.
- Dusting tools for every job.

Full of ingenious new labour-saving features and a full set of dusting tools for keeping the whole house clean—And NOTE the modest price!

Send the coupon below for details.

COMPLETE with full set of DUSTING TOOLS

PRICE £10 15 -

Without dusting tools, Price £9 5 0 or 2/6 weekly Deferred Terms

VACTRIC ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANERS

COUPON

Vactric, Cricklewood, London, N.W.2.

Full details of the Vactric Junior please, post free.

Name .....

Address.....

J.B. 3/19.

FROM OUR READERS

Infected Cattle Sent To Market: Recipe Out Of Bible

FARMERS who are registered under a guarantee to supply tuberculin-tested milk are required to have their herds periodically tested by qualified veterinary officers.

If any cows are found to be afflicted with tuberculosis, they have to be got rid of.

But not by destruction. The diseased animals can be, and almost always are, sold in the open market. The buyers, unless they also are suppliers of "T.T." milk, can and do sell the milk of these cows for human consumption.—H. CARSLEY, Cambria Avenue, Ellesmere, Salop.

Authorities are unable to give any defence for tolerating this state of things. Infected cattle should be destroyed and compensation paid to owners.

Would You Convict?

RETURNING home after night-duty, I ate a large portion of steak pudding immediately before going to bed.

I dreamt that a masked man entered the room and approached the bed with a knife in his hand poised to strike.

When I wakened I was half out of bed and was fiercely clutching my mother by the throat. She was passing into unconsciousness in my grip.

It was next day and she had come in to rouse me.

If the worst had happened, would the jury have believed me?—J. A. CARTER, Harley Villas, Harlesden, N.W.10.

Sounds awakening sleepers often give origin to dreams, longest of which lasts only two or three seconds.

Well Deserved

KNOWING that my smallest change was a pound note and that this would inconvenience the conductor of the 'bus to my home, I entered a public-house and ordered a drink.

While waiting for it to be served I saw at my feet a pound note, which I picked up.

Looking round the company, I formed the opinion that if I mentioned the find there would be several claimants, probably none genuine.

So I tried to satisfy my conscience by treating everyone present to a number of rounds, and from the balance indulged in the luxury of a taxi-cab home.

There I found a pound note missing and a hole in my pocket. I had been extravagant with my own money.—ARTHUR DUTHIE, Fonthill Terrace, Aberdeen.

A discredit to your city!

The Reason Why

CAN this phenomenon be explained? I have suffered from deafness for nineteen years and my condition is becoming worse. But when I am in a moving motor-car or 'bus my hearing is actually better than that of other people. —E. BRITTEN, The Square, Stratford, Salisbury.

Otosclerosis (ear bone hardening) sufferers commonly hear better in noise than in silence or ordinary sound because of vibration.

Unjustified

MOST audacious of all the impositions on householders is the demand to pay quarterly rentals for gas and electricity supply meters.

Of course, there is no moral justification whatever for this charge. Even if there was, the full value of the meter is paid in about five years at the high prices charged.

Yet consumers have to go on paying this iniquitous levy for a lifetime. And the meters never become their property. —MRS. H. J. YOUNG, Larchwood Avenue, Walkerville, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 6.

Imagine a grocer or butcher charging his customers for the scales on which their purchases are weighed!

Tartan Proud

AULD SCOTIA is having her identity filched more and more by stupid Sassenachs.

In my business mail to-day were three letters from English firms addressed "Glasgow, N.B.," or "Glasgow, North Britain."

This attempt to make Scotland seem a province of England is of daily occurrence.

I have many times politely pointed out to my Southern correspondents that the Glasgow in which I live and trade is in Scotland. They pay no heed.

None has even taken the hint when I address my replies, "London, South Britain," "Birmingham, Mid-Britain," and so on.—HECTOR GRANT, Maryhill Road, Glasgow.

"N.B." does not mean "North Britain" but "Northern Bag." It is a relic of mail-coach period when Scottish correspondence was placed in a bag so labelled.

Scripture Cake

ONE of the most delicious cakes I make derives all its ingredients from the Bible:

Judges v., 25—Butter, 1 cupful.
1 Kings iv., 22—Flour, 3½ cupfuls.
Jeremiah vi., 20—Sugar, 3 cupfuls.
1 Samuel xxx., 12—Raisins, 2 cupfuls.
1 Samuel xxx., 12—Figs, 2 cupfuls.
Genesis xliii., 11—Almonds, ½ cupful.
Isaiah x., 14—Eggs, 6.
Leviticus ii., 13—Salt, a pinch.
1 Kings x., 10—Spices, to taste.
1 Corinthians v., 6—Baking-powder, 2 teaspoonfuls.

—MRS. J. DAVIES, Belle Vue, Morda, Oswestry.

Improve with one teaspoonful of Exodus xvi., 31—Honey.

Race with "Silver Ring"

Lincoln Fancies

NIP AWAY and Hocus Pocus are two "inspired" tips for the Lincolnshire and, with the publication of the weights, there is sure to be a market move for them.

Although Hocus Pocus is an Irish classic winner, I prefer Nip Away.

Trained by Gilbert at Ilsley, Nip Away did not run until August last year. His record was four victories in seven outings.

Several correspondents have asked for news of Davy Jones, who had last year's Grand National at his mercy when running out at the last fence. "Davy" has just started work again after a slight mishap at training.

He is a remarkable horse. Three months before his attempt to win the world's greatest 'chase he had never taken a fence in public.

Frobisher and Fonab may be the best wagers at Newbury this week-end.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, January 28, to Wednesday, February 3.

X Z Q C 93 B 94 M S R P O 98 T F U
97 L H J I 95 E D K V W A N 96 G Y

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

J9396OM94Z would read CITADEL.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. G93Z293W would read FILLIP.

Reeling!

MY closest friend returned to the c... to-night in extremely jubilant mo... after an angling expedition. We pr... pared ourselves for the usual yarn ab... a "monster."

But he told us proudly that he h... caught only one fish weighing two and... half ounces.

"Why the air of satisfaction?" ... asked.

He had been fishing with fifte... other competitors in the club contest, a... had won the first, second and th... prizes and a special prize for the heav... catch.

His "tiddler" was the one and on... fish hooked!—C. E. CRYER, Lodge Cau... way, Fishponds, Bristol.

This "feat" is confirmed by the club secretary's certificate.

Survival

THE timber-haulers brought a tree ... miles to the sawmill where I w... The massive bole was dumped hea... to the ground and then rolled on to ... rack-saw bench.

Next it was cut in two along its leng... by a saw of six feet diameter. When th... split parts of the tree trunk fell apar... a cavity was revealed in one of them.

In it nestled three rabbits about s... weeks old. The saw had missed the... by three-eighths of an inch.

After all these experiences, the you... bunnies, when taken out, were com... pletely unconcerned and as frisky a... kittens.—F. BONE, Butts Road, Alto... Hants.

Small wonder Peter Rabbit is difficult to suppress.

Their View

TO-DAY I took my six-year-old son to ... a cinema showing two films each featuring one of those wonder child-actors who are reputed to be the idols of millions of picture-goers.

When I asked my boy for his opinion of them he replied, "Not much, dad. They're too wise. And they speak like grown-ups."—J. A. BELL, Maple Street, Sunderland.

Although Shirley Temple and Freddie Bartholomew films top the list of box-office attractions, it is notorious that children detest these prodigies.

Write to John Bull About It—

We invite readers to write to us about any subject of public interest, keeping us in touch with the world as they see it.

Letters should be as brief, forceful and topical as may be.

Half a guinea will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Bag," should be addressed to "John Bull," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

10,000 DOCTORS recommend amazing NEW formula for CATARRH

When you've got Catarrh and can't breathe—when your nose is stuffed up and your head is throbbing—it is then this new remedy offers you immediate relief. It is not a tablet nor yet an inhalant, but a blind liquid compound with amazing curative powers. The seat of all catarrhal infections and cold germs is in the *cavities* behind the nasal passages that lead to the throat. A few drops of this soothing compound dropped into the nose with a special dropper penetrate almost imperceptibly right to the seat of the trouble and, unlike an evaporating inhalant, stay there until their germ-killing work is done. And then in less than a minute your head feels free and you can breathe easily again. Get a bottle of this new remedy 'NEMAKOL' from your Chemist to-day (price 1/6d); it means sudden death to all colds and catarrh germs.

Bleeding Gum
are a Warning.
YOU NEED GIBBS

Gibbs "S.R." Tooth Paste co
correct combination for home
Specific Dentists use for the trea
Pyorrhoea and Gingivitis. Twice
of Gibbs "S.R." quickly restores
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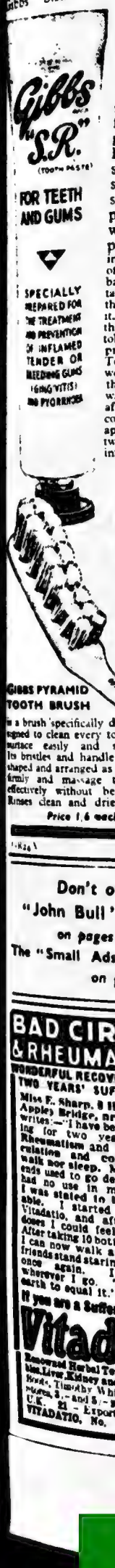
firm and strong, your teeth are
a gleaming whiteness, when
Gibbs "S.R."


Gibbs
"S.R."
TOOTH PASTE
FOR TEETH
AND GUMS
SPECIALLY PREPARED FOR THE TREATMENT AND PREVENTION OF INFLAMED TENDER OR BLEEDING GUMS (GINGIVITIS) AND PYORRHOEA

All traces inflamma thanks to G write.

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GIBBS PYRAMID TOOTH BRUSH
is a brush specifically designed to clean every tooth surface easily and surely. Its bristles and handle are so shaped and arranged as to brush firmly and massage the gums effectively without being harsh. Rinses clean and dries quickly.
Price 1/6 each

Don't overlook th
"John Bull" Shop W
on pages 2 and 3 a
The "Small Ads. Worth
on page 16.

BAD CIRCUL A
& RHEUMATISM
WONDERFUL RECOVERY AFTER
TWO YEARS' SUFFERING!

Miss E. Sharp, 8 Heyes St., Appley Bridge, nr. Wigan, writes:—"I have been suffering for two years from Rheumatism and Bad Circulation and could not walk nor sleep. My fingerends used to go dead, and I had no use in my limbs. I was stated to be incurable. I started to take Vitadatio, and after three doses I could feel the circulat After taking 10 bottles, to everyo I can now walk and do my ow friends stand staring when they s once again. I recommend wherever I go. There is noth earth to equal it."

If you are a Sufferer, Get a Bot

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Renowned Herbal Tonic. Invaluable
blue, Liver, Kidney and Stomach Comp
Hoods, Timothy Whites and Taylors
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